

NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

OCT.

1874.

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JOHN DOUGALL & SON, PUBLISHERS, MONTREAL.

MONTREAL WITNESS PROSPECTUS FOR 1874.

The circulation of the DAILY averages at present about 12,000, or 1,300 a day more than last year,—a circulation claimed to be more than equal to that of all the other English dailies in the city put together.

The circulation of the TRI-WEEKLY, formerly Semi-Weekly, has continued steady at 3,600, and that of the WEEKLY has increased from 9,500 to 11,000.

It is evident from these figures that the WEEKLY WITNESS meets with the greatest favor, and to it we would this year call special attention. From our subscribers we have always got more assistance in extending our circulation than from all other means. We therefore request all of them who approve of the general course of the WITNESS to call to it the attention of those in whose families they think it would exert a healthful influence. Those who do not preserve the WITNESS for future reference might serve its interests more than they think by simply forwarding a copy now and again to some friend at a distance, or by "placing it where it will do most good" among their neighbors. Our subscribers will learn with satisfaction that it is intended to enlarge the WEEKLY WITNESS at the New Year to an extent sufficient to cover the existing and prospective increase in space occupied by advertising. This will be the second enlargement within two years. Should the advertising business grow still further, a still further increase in size is contemplated. These changes are rendered possible by the increase in circulation and advertising. Every reader has thus a direct interest in developing the business of the paper. Among our best friends are the storekeepers and postmasters, who have, through good will towards the paper and a desire for the good of their neighbors, gone to both trouble and expense in forwarding the subscriptions of their customers.

The TRI-WEEKLY edition is obtainable by ministers actually in charge of congregations, and by teachers actually teaching in schools, at half-price. This, however, invariably means cash. The TRI-WEEKLY edition is held to be two dollars worth when given as a commission for subscriptions obtained. Ministers and teachers are looked upon as friends of the paper who will do their best to promote its interests.

The DAILY WITNESS is unquestionably the leading paper in the Province, and has only one rival in the Dominion for circulation and influence.

Of the character of the WITNESS we need only say it is well known. It aims at maintaining a complete independence of all political, denominational, and social influences, and to use its whole power on the side of Righteousness, Temperance and Evangelical Religion. The need for a disinterested advocacy of truth and righteousness in public life, and temperance and economy in social life, never appeared so great as it does to-day, when prosperity and luxury

have bred corruption and dissipation to an alarming extent before unknown. That this duty may be faithfully and competently fulfilled, we ask for the support and prayers of Christians throughout the land.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

DAILY WITNESS.....	\$3.00 per an.
TRI-WEEKLY.....	2.00 "
WEEKLY.....	1.00 "

The DAILY WITNESS is also obtainable from newsmen in almost all towns and villages at 6c. per week, thus saving postage. The WEEKLY may be had through dealers as cheap as through the Post-Office.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Advertising in each edition is charged at 10 cents per line first insertion, and 5 cents for each continuance. Special rates for annual contracts according to position in the paper.

These rates, both of subscription and advertising, are, probably, as low as can be found anywhere in proportion to value.

Prospectus of the Canadian Messenger for 1874.

This paper, for the money it costs, has more reading in it, and that of the highest class, than any of our other publications. It contains no news, but is a perfect treasure-house of instructive and attractive reading, as gathered from the abundant resources which contemporary literature affords. It is a pioneer, finding its way to the utmost limits of civilization, and to every remote post-office in the Dominion, from Michipicoton to Mainadieu. Circulation 14,000. It should double its circulation through Sabbath-schools.

Canadian Messenger, 38 cents per an in advance, postage prepaid by publishers. Club of seven to one address for \$2; 100 to one address \$25. Advertising 10 cents per line, each insertion.

CLUBS.

In all our publications where one person remits for one year in advance for eight persons, he will be entitled to one copy additional for himself. Or any person remitting \$8 for our publications will be entitled to one dollar's worth additional. Any subscriber to the WITNESS or MESSENGER may have the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY to his own address, or to that of a new subscriber thereto, for \$1—if he remits it direct to this office along with his other subscriptions. The reading in the MONTHLY is entirely different from that in the other publications.

The terms for all our publications are CASH IN ADVANCE, and the paper stops when the time paid for expires, unless subscription is previously renewed.

All remittances to be addressed, in registered letters, to **JOHN DOUGALL & SON,**
MONTREAL.





REV. DONALD FRASER., D.D.

NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

OCTOBER, 1874.

A NEW LOVE A TRUE LOVE.

CHAPTER I.

"If there were any other way, anything else to be done."

"O, Juliet, don't leave it to me to decide, and don't look at me in that awful way. Don't; I cannot bear it."

The speaker broke off into passionate appeal, uttering the last words with a ring almost of agony in her voice. It was a shabby old room in which the two were, in a shabby old house which must have once had considerable pretensions to gentility, though now exhibiting on every side the tokens of decay and neglect. Everything within and without spoke of poverty, and poverty, just now at all events, to all appearances, uncheered by that hopeful spirit which strives to make the best of things, and puts a bright face on even its saddest surroundings. The fences around the premises were broken down in many places, the shrubberies overgrown and straggling, the lawn rank and unshorn, and the flower-plots, which ought to have been brilliant with autumn flowers, a tangled mass of weeds, with only a stunted aster or a late gilly-flower showing here and there amongst them in the bright September sunshine. The two occupants of the room were women; one past the middle-age of life, the other little more than a girl. This latter, to whom the words of the first speaker were addressed, rose from the seat she had occupied and began to pace the room. She did not answer for a moment, but when she did her voice was calm and steady, con-

trasting forcibly with the agitated tones of her companion.

"Mamma," she said, "I want you to tell father that I have quite decided. He may tell Mr. Thurston when he comes to-night."

"O, Juliet," the other cried, hysterically, "How can we thank you. You've saved us all from disgrace."

She sprang from her seat, and was throwing her arms about the waist of her companion, but Juliet shrunk from her embrace. It was no wonder that the girl felt bitterly.

"Don't thank me, mother," she said; and her voice, lately so steady, had a bitter quaver in it. "Don't please; I cannot bear it just now."

She was setting the seal to what she believed to be her life-long misery; she was deliberately sacrificing all that lately had made life, even life in the dull, poverty-blighted atmosphere of her home, bright and hopeful and endurable. She was putting from her the enchantments of her youth; the youth of heart, which, when life has love to crown it, may, and ought to be, perpetual. Already she was thinking of herself as old and careworn, with the heavy sorrow of her heart prematurely silvering her hair and making lines and shadows on her face. She turned away quickly with the last words and left the room. Mrs. Amhurst's eyes followed her; and a sigh escaped her lips. There was a struggle in her heart, selfish and worldly as she was; a struggle between maternal love on the one hand, and mater-

nal ambition and the desire to escape from the difficulties that pressed upon herself, her husband and her family, at any and whatever cost, on the other.

It was the old story, recurring even yet now and then in our midst; though with our practical notions and our busy working lives we are skeptical about it here in Canada.

Mr. Amhurst was poor, and hopelessly in debt, and Juliet was young, and redundant with the graces of youth. There had come a rich suitor for the girl's hand; a man rich enough, and withal generous enough, to do wonders for the family of the woman whom he should make his wife. At first none of the family suspected Mr. Thurston's preference for Juliet. He noticed her very little to all appearance when they met in society, or at Mr. Amhurst's house, and was, as a rule, far more attentive to Hester and Penelope and Lucy, her elder sisters, than to her. He was grave and sensible too, and Juliet was, if not a mad-cap, when the mood was on her, but one degree removed from that supposititious horror of grave and sensible men. And the mood was oftenest on her, it seemed, when Mr. Thurston was present. Its indulgence drew upon her many a reprimand from her mother and elder sisters, and many a mild remonstrance from her father; which, however, failed to produce the desired reformation. Then, too, Mr. Thurston was conservative in politics, and held a seat in the Commons, and Juliet, although she was notoriously ignorant of even the simplest questions of political economy, not unfrequently startled and horrified her father and his friend by interrupting them in the midst of some profound discussion of ministerial measures by comments of her own, tinged with the reddest and most rampant radicalism. But in spite of all this, and to the astonishment of the whole family, it at last became apparent that Juliet, and Juliet alone, was the attraction for Mr. Thurston in Mr. Amhurst's house, or wherever he was likely to meet her. Not that even there he obtruded his attentions upon her, or singled her out from all the rest when he came amongst the family; but little by little the truth transpired. Little

by little he contrived to have it known that she was the object of his regard, her love the object of his suit. The knowledge of the fact was intensely gratifying to Mr. Amhurst and his wife, and the whole family, with but one exception. They caught at it eagerly. It seemed to them as the rope flung out to the drowning man. But there was an obstacle in the way. Juliet could not and would not accept the man for her lover. She flung the suggestion from her at first with careless incredulity as too ridiculous to be believed; and then, when time compelled her to admit that it was serious, with a blind passionate scorn that left her no room for justice or generosity. She hated Mr. Thurston. She would sooner die than be his wife. She despised him for his meanness. It was like him to force obligations upon her father, and then, when he thought he had him in his power, to propose for her. He had done wisely for himself doubtless in thus insuring the family's sympathy and co-operation; but the ruse would not succeed with her. She told her father this, openly, defiantly, with passionate tears and sobs; and then, for Juliet's was an undisciplined nature, unrestrained by filial reverence, and smarting just then under a bitter sense of injustice, that he and her mother and all of them had combined to bring upon her this disgrace, this bitter shame. There were angry words on both sides, and reproaches; and Juliet left her father's presence with a feeling that life had suddenly become too hard to be endured, and that death, if it would only come, would be a blessed deliverance.

"But I will never consent; never, if they kill me for it," she said, defiantly; and then she bathed her hot eyes in the little hand-basin, brushed out her long hair before the cracked looking-glass, and tying on her hat slipped softly down stairs and out of doors, unseen by anyone in the house. She had only one friend in the world, she felt, to whom she could confide her troubles, and what wonder was it that she longed with an eager longing to meet that friend. Her conscience told her that it was a dangerous course she was pursuing, but she was too miserable just then to listen to the warning

voice. She took the path down by the river where she knew he must soon pass on his way home. She had not long to wait. The bells from the opposite American shore rang six o'clock; pealing over the bright emerald-tinted waters of the Detroit, with the full resonant sound, so smooth and clear, she loved to listen to—loved most at evening when it was quiet along the river's bank, and only the boats gliding softly up and down, and an occasional carriage or foot passenger on the Canadian side, and the hum of the city opposite—too distant to be discordant, broke upon the eye or ear, all sounds mingling harmoniously with those deep-toned bells. They moved her strangely, those bells, awakening deep echoes in her heart and bitter feelings; making her realize that life was a thing more solemn and real than she sometimes tried to believe it was—that it ought to be a thing sublime. She listened to them now with softened emotions, admitting to herself for the first time that perhaps she had been less gentle with her father than she ought to have been. She recalled the old, care-worn look upon his face that had struck to her heart so painfully, though she would not let it influence her when he had spoken of Mr. Thurston; and how white and thin his hair was grown. She loved her father, though she had been often wilful and impatient of his authority, loved him so well that it pained her to the quick to think that he should urge her to this act. She could have excused it more readily perhaps in her mother or her sisters than in him. But she felt remorseful now and penitent listening to the bells, and half resolved that she would go home direct and ask his pardon. She had fallen into a reverie, forgetful for the moment of what had been her main object in coming out, when the sound of footsteps behind her caused her to turn quickly in the direction. Yes, it was Mark Ardesley, but he was not alone. She saw with a pang of disappointment that his brother Hermann was with him. She would have fled now to escape observation if she could have, for she dreaded Hermann's keen and somewhat cynical glance, but the two were close upon her, and retreat was impossible. They walked along

a short distance together, talking on indifferent subjects, Juliet all the while keeping her eyes shaded carefully from Hermann's gaze under the brim of her hat, and then they parted with nothing but a brief, expressive glance and a silent pressure of the hand from Mark as he said good-bye. Was it fate, she asked herself, or Providence, that had turned her from her purpose? She had meant that evening to tell him all, well knowing what would be the end. She had come out resolved and desperate; there was no other way. He loved her. He had told her so many a time, but she had only laughed at him, and put him off again and again, being, if the truth must be told, not indifferent, but foolishly vain of her first conquest, and doubtful whether her acceptance, if too readily given, would not lose the half of its value in his eyes. Then, too, she knew that she would have to encounter opposition from the whole family. There had been a time, but that was before Mr. Thurston had become their constant visitor, when Mark Ardesley had been kindly received by one and all of them. That was in the old days when he had been used to come in the afternoons and help her with her garden; the garden that used to look so bright and cheerful with his help, and had pruned the neglected shrubberies, and put a new face on even the dilapidated fences. But the garden had looked forsaken and dreary now for two seasons, and the fences had tumbled down again here and there, and the shrubberies had been left untrimmed. Mrs. Amhurst, and the family generally, had grown cold and distant to Mark, and he had left off coming. And Juliet was too indignant and too angry with them all to care much whether the place looked well or ill. Mark was unchanged to her she knew; but somehow or other a shadow had crept up between them lately. She could not blame him for it, nor herself; and so she laid the blame directly on her mother and sisters, and indirectly upon Mr. Thurston, whom she hated accordingly.

There was no other escape, she had told herself that evening when she had left the house. She would meet Mark and tell him all; tell him what they wanted her to do. But fate, or Providence, had turned her

from her purpose, and she went back when the bells had ceased to ring and the flaming autumn sunset had ceased to flush the river red and gold, and crept up quietly to her room, just in time to hear her mother's voice, a little querulous, calling her to tea from the foot of the stairs.

CHAPTER II.

"I was very wrong this afternoon, father," Juliet had said, bringing out the words slowly, feeling that in making the admission she was conceding something to Mr. Thurston as well as to her father, and yet unwilling now that her first passion was past to go to bed without her father's good-night-kiss. Hester and Penelope and Lucy had laughed at her many a time for this "baby fashion," as they had called it; but had not laughed her out of it. There was a great gap between the ages of these three sisters and the age of Juliet. Even Lucy, the youngest of the three, was rapidly approaching the season of the sere and yellow leaf; while Hester and Penelope had unequivocally reached it. They had not been without their attractions in their day, and had had, poor things, their hopes and dreams as well as other women; but somehow these latter had never been realized, and time, as it began to convince them that they never would be, had made them, the two elder at least, sour and severe and capacious, and the trio fault finding overmuch to their young sister, whose birth years and years after there had been a baby in the household, was looked upon by even her mother as a doubtful good, if not indeed a positive evil. Poor Mrs. Amhurst, she was not naturally, perhaps, a heartless mother, but years of hopeless struggling with poverty and its attendant ills had made her maternal instincts quick and keen to perceive the difficulties without the compensations which must attend the advent of the little stranger. Another mouth to fill, another form to clothe. The prospect was appalling! But little Juliet was so bright, so winsome in her baby ways, that she soon made welcome for herself, and indeed wiled her mother out of many a care; while her father looked upon her as the one bright ray of sunshine in the house. Her sisters,

too, were in their way fond of her while she was a child and never interfered with them, but they never quite forgave her for being a girl instead of a boy; and as she grew up and prepared to leave her neglected, but, as she had contrived to make it for herself, happy childhood, behind her, and developed charms which threatened seriously to rival their own, if not to leave them entirely in the shade, they learned gradually, though perhaps unconsciously, to regard her more and more in the light of an interloper. If Juliet had not possessed a high spirit of her own and a decided faculty of resistance, with an unlimited capacity to give back as much as she got, she might have led a more peaceful if less independent existence with them. But she was no meek-spirited Madonna, this wilful, wild Canadian girl. She could take her own part when there was no one else to take it for her, and fight her own battles single-handed, rather than that they should not be fought at all. They had been more civil to her lately, since Mr. Thurston's attentions had assumed a decided character; the fact of his being her suitor investing her with importance not to be ignored, even in their sisterly estimation. It is true that they had each and all indulged in hopes and speculations on their own account in which Mr. Thurston had been the leading figure; but when these were doomed, as many other hopes and speculations of the same kind had been doomed before them, to disappointment, it was a consolation, though a consolation with a thorn in it, to know that the prize that had eluded their individual grasp was not yet lost to the family. So they were civil to Juliet on the strength of her conquest, and profuse in their congratulations. But Juliet would never accept civility on these terms, and, at first laughingly, then angrily and contemptuously, disclaimed the proffered honor. She was alone with her father when she made her half reluctant little confession. She had followed him into the shabby little room called by courtesy his study, where he sometimes retired when he had writing to do, or wished to be alone and undisturbed. He was not writing now, but sitting before the table with his head

leaning wearily upon his hand. He looked up as she entered, but averted his eyes instantly without speaking or seeming to notice her approach; but as soon as she had uttered the words his arms were about her and he had drawn her close to his breast.

"Don't mind it, my darling. I was wrong too. I ought not to have urged you as I did."

She did not trust herself to answer, but left the room with his kisses on her lips. She thought about it till she fell asleep. His gentleness touched her to the quick. If she could but make this sacrifice for his sake—for all their sakes. They had come to a crisis in their affairs. An angry creditor, put off again and again with promises on which experience had taught him to place no longer the slightest reliance, had at last proceeded to extremities, and threatened that, unless the money were forthcoming by a certain day, he would put an execution into the house. What was to be done? Nothing, unless Mr. Thurston would meet this claim as he had met the claims of others of their creditors. He would be willing to do so; but Mr. Amhurst had still the feelings of a gentleman left in the midst of his poverty.

"I will not accept help from him again," he had said decidedly to his wife, "except upon one condition. He has asked me for Juliet's hand. If she is willing to marry him, of course he will not let his wife's family be turned into the street. I am surprised myself that he should wish to connect himself with us at all; but so it is, and if Juliet wants to save us she has it in her power. If not, let it come to the worst. I'll lay myself under no further obligations which I can never hope to repay."

She thought about it all for hours and hours, until at last she fell asleep and dreamed, dreamed not of Mr. Thurston and a merciless creditor, but a happy dream of Mark Ardesley and herself united and blessed forever in each other's love. But the next day opened again with the hard question still undecided before her.

Mr. Thurston had been away, but was expected to return that night. What answer must she give him? Her father said

no more to her on the subject. He kissed her before he left the house after breakfast and she saw no more of him till dinner time, when he came in looking more careworn and harassed than ever, ate a morsel or two, and then went out again. It was more than she could bear.

"Mamma," she said, "will you come up-stairs, I have something to say to you."

Mrs. Amhurst followed her quickly to the little room Juliet called her own, a wistful look coming suddenly into her face.

"Decide for me, mamma," Juliet had said, when she had shut the door and they were alone; and then, as her mother spoke, she looked at her with the look that made Mrs. Amhurst shudder instinctively and cry out:

"Don't look at me in that awful way, Juliet. Don't; I cannot bear it."

"I believe it's all affectation Juliet's making such a fuss, and pretending not to want to marry Mr. Thurston," Lucy said, with amiable candor, when the subject was being discussed between the sisters the next day. "She took long enough to dress after he came, and kept him waiting a full half hour, and then descended in her blue merino, which she knows is the most becoming dress she has. If she'd been so indifferent or so averse as she pretends to be, I don't think she'd have taken quite so much pains with her appearance."

"Nor I either," Penelope answered; "but it's like Juliet to raise objections to whatever is proposed for her. I only hope for her own sake her temper will improve when she's married, for I am sure Mr. Thurston is not the man to put up with whims in his wife."

"He has certainly shown forbearance to them in his lady love," Hester observed, looking up from the novel she was reading. "I have often wondered he was not exasperated beyond endurance by Juliet's persistent insolence. So ungrateful of her, too, when we are all under such obligations to him."

Poor little Juliet! It was true she had kept Mr. Thurston waiting a long time and had at last appeared to him in the blue merino, which was, as Lucy had said, "her most becoming dress." But it was a very

sorrowful and heavy heart that beat under the blue merino bodice, and she had only worn the dress because it was the solitary one she possessed which was not hopelessly shabby; and with all her misery she was too genuinely feminine to relish the idea of looking like a dowdy, even in the eyes of Mr. Thurston. She had meant to meet him with calmness, even with dignity, conscious, from an innate sense of right, that the half-scornful, always contradictory, always wilful moods in which she had hitherto indulged would be out of place in their changed relations. Some moments of that half-hour of delay which Lucy had described as devoted wholly to the adornment of her person had been spent upon her knees in passionate prayer for strength to do what was right by this man, whom she was now to meet as her future husband; for she wanted to do what was right. Yes, wilful and perverse, and careless when it suited her, of the settled proprieties of life as she was, she had yet in her wayward little heart an earnest desire and purpose to be true to him.

"I cannot love him," she had said. "Oh, no! I can never, never love him; but I can at least be honest with him, and I will."

They were all in the room with him when she went down stairs; her father, mother, and the girls—and she was glad of it, for it gave him no chance to greet her in other than his usual way; but presently they slipped out one by one and left the two alone.

"Juliet," Mr. Thurston said, after a little pause, in which Juliet had been looking out of the window at the great, calm, purple sky with the moon treading silently its mysterious depths, "Juliet, your father tells me—" He stopped short, not knowing what to say next.

He was a nervous man now, though he had the very day before spoken for two hours at a public meeting of his constituents, and he felt abashed and awkward, and without the power of expressing himself. She looked up and waited for him to proceed.

"You know what I mean, I think," he went on confusedly. "I am not a good hand at expressing myself in affairs of

this kind: I know I am making a dreadful blunder of it; but, but surely you must understand me; you must know to what I allude."

"Yes," she said, "I know it." And then the tears that she had been all along struggling to keep back, burst forth with uncontrollable violence. He seemed surprised and greatly distressed.

"Don't, pray don't," he said, appealingly. "I am very sorry if I have distressed you. I cannot surely have misunderstood your father. But if there has been a mistake," he went on gravely, when she had grown a little calmer, "it is not yet too late to rectify it. I thought—he told me certainly that you knew and were quite willing."

"I am," she said slowly, drying her tears; "but, Mr. Thurston—"

It was her turn now to hesitate for words. How could she tell him the truth she had meant to tell him; tell him that she was willing to become his wife, but that the love that ought to go with the promise could never be his? She did not tell him then nor afterwards. The words seemed as if they would never come, and Mr. Thurston set down that first burst of passionate emotion, and the faltering abrupt words with which it broke off, to girlish diffidence, and concluded that it was but natural and to be expected from one of Juliet's impulsive temperament. It was a sad mistake, sadder far than the one she had first made, in consenting to become his wife. If their engagement had been a longer one, or if Mr. Thurston's duties as a public man and the extensive preparations he was making for her reception in her new home had not necessarily absorbed so large a share of his attention, and compelled him to be absent from her so much of his time, she would have found it less difficult to make the confession. But she saw comparatively little of him during those brief two months that intervened till their marriage; and when they met he had so much to consult her about, so many things to say to her of the house and its arrangements, of the special order to Jacques and Hayes, over which Mrs. Amhurst and the girls had gone into ecstasies, and to which Juliet had assented

carelessly, scarcely glancing at the inventory presented for her approval, and forgetting the next moment whether the drawing-room furniture was red or blue moreen or satin, he seemed to take it for granted that she was interested in all those things, and that her indifference and the impatience which she could not always control in his presence was only part and parcel of her naturally wilful but ingenuous disposition; to take it for granted also that she loved him and was happy in the prospect of becoming his wife.

CHAPTER III.

They were married in November. It was not a pleasant month to choose, Mr. Thurston had admitted, but there were often bright days in it, and they might perhaps come in for some of them at the time of the wedding.

They did not come in for them. The morning was as cold, dreary and depressing as a November morning in Canada can be. There was no snow as yet, but a wild, sharp wind from the north, tossing the river into great green waves, and rocking about with reckless violence the almost leafless trees. Juliet shuddered as she looked out upon it from the window of her own room, in the grey, early dawn. Once, when she had thought of her wedding day, she had pictured it as bright and beautiful beyond any day that had ever dawned, flushed with the warmth and glory of midsummer, and crowned with promise of a perfect life, beginning then. But that was long ago. How long ago it seemed now!

This day, so cold and cheerless, was, after all, better suited to the feelings with which she awakened to it. She was very wretched. The hapless Juliet, her namesake, the fair, ill-fated daughter of the Capulets, was, in her eyes, a mark for envy. Why was not some such happy fate possible for her? Why could not she lie down in some quiet little spot in the churchyard; not in a grand, gloomy vault such as Juliet was compelled to choose; but in some little grassy, peaceful corner, where the warm summer sun would shine upon her and the birds twitter in and out among the trees,

and the bees hum, and the crickets chirp all through the summer days; and she should be quiet and still underneath and have no more fear of "the waves of this troublesome world." Why could she not, like Juliet, escape from her dreaded county Paris, and die, if needs be, with her Romeo, *alias* her Mark Ardesley. But Juliet had committed suicide. It had always been difficult for our Juliet to get over this. She had had her scruples from the time she could first remember reading the story about her namesake's summary disposal of her own life. She was untaught, and ignorant of many things that she ought to have known, and wholly inexperienced in matters of religion, having barely escaped ignominious expulsion, not so long ago that it was not still fresh in her memory, and kept so by the family's occasional sarcastic allusion to it, from Mr. Routh's confirmation class, for her glaring ignorance of the Church catechism; and she had steadily resisted that gentleman's attempts to draw her into the Bible class and Sunday-school. But for all this she was not without her convictions of right and wrong, and had had, as we have said, from the first, her scruples as to the manner of Shakespeare's Juliet's death.

Her mother and sisters were early astir, and presently Mrs. Amhurst came into the room to see if Juliet was awaking. She came softly up to the bed into which Juliet had crept again when the sounds of waking life in the house had warned her that some one might come in and find her sitting ghost-like in the cold grey light, weeping unghost-like tears on her wedding morning.

"Juliet," her mother said softly, touching Juliet's hand, which was lying cold and passive upon the counterpane, "Juliet, dear, are you awake yet?"

Then Juliet turned, and feigned to awake suddenly at her mother's words, and Mrs. Amhurst kissed her with an effusiveness that threatened quite to overcome the forced composure of the poor unhappy little bride-elect. But she was going to be strong and hard that day, she had told herself, and not give way once more, come what might. So she forced back the tears that were welling up in her eyes, and promised that

she would get up immediately and begin to dress.

"I am sorry the day does not promise better," Mrs. Amhurst said regretfully as she was leaving the room. "But Mr. Thurston warned the sexton to have the church nicely heated, and you'll be well wrapped up in the carriage going, so there will be no danger of your looking cold and miserable." She was well wrapped up, and there was a gentle glow of heat pervading the church from vestibule to vestry, when the bridal party entered; but for all that the bride-elect did look cold and miserable, and was paler than brides, even with the acknowledged immunities of their class in the matter of color for that special occasion, usually are. But the ceremony proceeded very quietly for all that, and the solemn words, "Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder," were spoken, and the benediction uttered, and the whole service gone through in Mr. Routh's most impressive manner. And then the organist, who had been practising it for a month before, pealed forth with all the thunder of diapason the music of the Wedding March, and Mr. Thurston kissed his bride, and kisses and congratulations followed, and Juliet left the church a wife. She had borne it all with wonderful calmness and self-control. Only once had she well nigh broken down. It was when they had all left the church, and Mr. Thurston was handing his bride into the carriage. Her hand was in his, her foot upon the step, when she turned and saw Mark Ardesley standing in the shadow of the church porch, looking after her with a look that struck like death upon her heart. It was the first time she had seen him that day. If he had been within the church with the rest, and had heard her take the awful vows upon herself that bound her to the man at her side for life till death, he had given her no visible token of his presence. Perhaps she had felt it in that awful moment when the shuddering which she could not repress thrilled her frame. Perhaps she had been dimly conscious of it in the spirit; but he had not come up to her with the rest, when it was all over, to wish her joy, or to speak a friendly farewell word;

and she had tried to hope, tried to believe, he had not been there at all. For, strive as she might to forget it, the memory of her last interview with him was still fearfully present in her mind. It was just two days before her marriage. For some time past she had seen him but seldom, and never except in the presence of some third party. She had kept out of his way, as he had seemed to keep out of hers, and when they had met, by chance, only the ordinary courtesies had passed between them. But this night Mr. Thurston was away. She knew he could not come from the meeting of the Town Council, which it was important he should attend until too late for his customary visit to her. So, thankful for her freedom, she left the house when tea was over, and, evading Mrs. Amhurst's remonstrances as to going out in the cold, and when it would be dusk almost immediately, with a petulant assurance that she liked the cold, and the dark could do her no harm, she was not going far, fled swiftly away in the direction of the river. She was not expecting or hoping to meet Mark Ardesley. If she had thought to find him there she would not have stirred beyond the precincts of the garden; but she had only gone a little way along the bank before she met him face to face. He was coming towards her from the opposite direction, and when they met he turned immediately and walked along by her side.

"I have been wanting to see you for many a day," he said, after their first formal greeting; and then his voice faltered, and he seemed suddenly to lose command of himself. Juliet's heart gave a sudden bound, and then seemed to stand still in her bosom; but she answered him indifferently:

"Have you? I imagined we had met within the last month or so; but perhaps I am mistaken."

"We have," he answered sternly; "but not as I have wanted to meet you—not alone."

"O Juliet," and his voice again trembled and softened into entreaty, "can it be possible, after all that has passed between us, you are going to be false to me at last—going, as every one says you

are, to give me up for Miles Thurston?"

She made no answer, and he went on, his tones changing into bitterness,

"If you are content to do this I wish you joy! You will have all you want; wealth and vulgarity to your heart's content."

"Stop," she said, interrupting him with a haughty coldness that fell like ice upon his heart. "stop, Mr. Ardesley. You must pardon me if I decline to listen to any further definition of what in your opinion I may hope to expect as Mr. Thurston's wife. Happily your opinion is not mine, nor the general one. However, I have noticed in my short experience that young men are often envious of their elders and betters, and I need not wonder if you are no exception to the general rule."

She spoke the last words with all the girlish insolence with which she had so often parried some domestic home-thrust; and then, for they had reached the gate while they had been talking, she passed in and left him without another word. She saw him then now for the first time since this last interview, standing as I have said in the shadow of the church porch, and looking after her with a look that smote like death upon her heart. For a single instant their eye met, then a mist seemed to rise before hers, and Mark Ardesley and Mr. Thurston and the little crowd of friends that followed grew shadowy and indistinct, and but for the arm that Mr. Thurston flung hastily around her she would have fallen unconscious. There was a stir and bustle in the little crowd, and some one pressed forward with a vinaigrette, and held it to her nostrils, and she revived presently, to laugh away the alarm of her husband and friends. It was getting up at such an unconscionable hour in this dreadful November weather, she said; and Mr. Thurston, only half satisfied, wrapped the magnificent cashmere, his wedding gift, and the first real cashmere that had ever appeared at Syndsor, closer about her shrinking form, and drew down the carriage windows as they drove away. The breakfast was strictly private, including only, besides the family, Mr. Routh and his wife, and the distinguished Cabinet Min-

ister who had officiated as Mr. Thurston's groomsman, and given by his presence such unprecedented *éclat* to the whole affair. Mrs. Amhurst and the girls had been exercised greatly in their minds from the moment that the Hon. the Minister of Finance had intimated to Mr. Thurston his willingness to be present as requested in the capacity of groomsman. On the one hand the distinction of his presence was something to cause their hearts to swell with grateful pride; on the other, the poor figure which the house and its surroundings must present to so illustrious a visitor filled them with shame and regret.

But after all the Minister was not found to be more formidable *in propria persona*, nor a man to be more uncomfortable with in shabby surroundings, than other men less distinguished. He was thoroughly well-bred, though he had risen from the ranks, and could still remember the time when men who were now glad to be his *confrères* had held him at a distance as plebeian; and he entered heartily into the enjoyment of the really elegant breakfast, provided at Mr. Thurston's expense from the neighboring city confectioner's, and responded to the toast of "the bridesmaid," *alias* Miss Lucy Amhurst, in a speech that made the heart of that no longer fair, but still susceptible, damsel, beat wildly in her bosom, and caused her cheek to blush with grateful pride. He talked politics, too, apparently in the most frank and confidential manner with Mr. Amhurst, walking back from the station, when they had seen the bride and bridegroom depart by special train in the Pullman car which they were to have exclusively to themselves, and parted when his own train came an hour later, with every expression of regard for the family whose acquaintance he had just made, admiration of his friend's choice, and appreciation of the agreeable manner in which he himself had been entertained. "Nothing could have gone off better than the whole affair," Mrs. Amhurst pronounced didactically in the familiar discussion which followed when she and the girls, whose appetites had been delicate while their guests were present, sat

down to a supplementary repast before preparing to remove the fragments of the feast. Mr. Amhurst had gone to his "office"—an almost nominal one, with a salary of a hundred pounds annually; so they were at liberty to speak quite unreservedly among themselves. "Yes, and Juliet behaved very well; better far than could have been expected after the scene she made at the church door," Penelope responded.

"What in the world could have made her faint? Do you suppose it was going out in the cold, as she said?"

"Nonsense," Lucy answered impatiently. "It was Mark Ardesley whom she saw at the moment. I saw him myself, and I saw their eyes meet. He was standing by the

porch door, and looking like a ghost. I do believe they were fond of each other, and that Juliet would have married him if she'd been allowed to have her way." Mrs. Amhurst sighed deeply. In her heart she believed it too, and for the moment a vague regret and fear took possession of her mind. But after all it was for Juliet's own sake, as much as for the family's, she told herself, that she had opposed Mark Ardesley's suit and favored that of Mr. Thurston. What had her own life been, and the life of her husband and children? and she had married for love, and had laughed at poverty once. Yes, it was a happy escape for Juliet, from her mother's fate; and she had done wisely, as the end would prove.

(To be Continued.)

WHEN I AWAKE.

BY HARRIET M'EWEN KIMBALL.

When I awake shall I Thine image bear,
O Thou Adored?
The image lost, in some pure Otherwhere,
Oh, shall it be restored?

*Already stealeth o'er my trembling soul
Some semblance sweet—
The wavering outline of the perfect whole
Thy touch shall yet complete.

When I awake shall I indeed cast by
All earthly taint,
And walk with Thee in white, Thy white, on high,
As seraph walks, and saint?

Through endless blessed ages shall I know
Thy self alone—
Its all-pervading, perfect motions grow
More than mine own mine own?

The glories that no vision can forestall
With crystal gleam;
The peace, the rapture, and the holy thrall
Of love that reigns supreme;

The death of all that meaneth self and time;
The Gain of Thee,
My Lord, my God! the victory sublime
When only Thou shalt be;

Thou all in all; all in Thy glory lost
And all, all found
Dear beyond price: no aspiration crossed;
Thou, only Thou, our bound!

Shall I behold, receive, possess, attain
All this, and more
To tell whereof all tongues would strive in
vain,
In vain all language pour?

O unconceived! Thine own divine surprise
Prepared of old!
Hid even from faith-unsealed, enkindled eyes
Till Thou shalt say, "Behold!"

Life—Very Life! God-gift wherein are blent
All gifts beside!
When I awake—O heaven of Heaven's content!—
I shall be satisfied.

—*Christian Union.*

CASTING THE LOT :

A TRUE STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE STORY OF "PLANTAGENET."

(*Concluded.*)

CHAPTER V.

"The lot is cast in the lap, but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord."—Prov. xvi., 33.

The next day was the day of decision. Brother Walsingham drew his lot and handed it to Brother Benade to read.

"Grace—Grace Branigan." Every look was full of wonder.

"There is some sad mistake here," said Brother Benade, and he made a motion as if to lay the lot aside, saying, "Brother Walsingham, draw again."

The faintest dawning of a smile came on the face of Brother Walrave.

"Pardon, Brother Benade," interposed Brother Walsingham, "what is wrong with this lot?"

"It is irregular, not after the custom of our Church, which is a selection of those thought most suitable first, then the lot cast to ascertain which. This person is altogether unsuitable. I cannot conceive how such a thing chanced."

"Things trusted to the Lord can chance intermeddle with?" said Brother Walsingham. "I will draw again, but the name of this person must be put in lest we should be found withstanding God."

It was done. He drew again: "Grace Branigan!" The Bishop stood aghast.

"The lot is cast in the lap; but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord," quoted the soft voice of Sister Malilieu.

"Return it again," said Brother Walsingham. "If I draw the same name this time, I call you all to witness that I will accept the maiden, if she so wills, as God's good gift to me, be she who she may."

He drew again—"Grace Branigan!"

Thus it was settled Grace was to be the wife of Reginald Walsingham.

Brother Benade felt both perplexed and grieved. He remembered who it was who

prepared the slips; so, after all was past, he sought Brother Walrave to enquire of the matter. He justified not himself, but confessed all—his love, and his doubts about the lot, his temptation, and what he had done. After he had thus confessed, he was forgiven; that is our rule. "If thy brother trespass against thee, rebuke him, and if he repent, forgive him." He was made to see by reference to Acts 1st. chapter 24th, 25th and 26th verses, that we had Scripture example for our custom of selecting first and then appealing to the lot.

It devolved on Sister Malilieu to carry the tidings to Grace. They who noticed the quaint figure of the minister's wife in her best black silk dress and drab silk shawl, with a border of blonde quilling inside her cottage bonnet, surrounding her sweet face like a halo round a saint (and she is the most saintly woman I know), her cap ribbon tied into a bow under her chin, which bow as to how it could be tied by mortal fingers was a perpetual miracle in Himmel-en-erde—they who noticed the minister's wife in this garb, only assumed on special occasions, knew that her errand was of importance. Grace was in the kitchen peeling potatoes for dinner, her voice soaring up in the lines of a psalm:

"Since better is thy love than life,
My lips thee praise will give;
I, in thy name, will lift my hands,
And bless thee while I live."

She did not hear the soft footfall in the passage, or the silken rustle, till the clear voice of Sister Malilieu said, "Grace," and she turning saw the pastor's wife. She blushed guiltily; for, though caught singing a psalm, she had just finished "Aileen Aroon" before she commenced that verse whose sublime beauty had made it a great favorite with her, and she did not know

how long the pastor's wife had been a hearer.

"Mrs. Spencer is upstairs," said Grace, drying her hands; "if you will please to walk into the parlor I will call her."

As soon as Sister Malilieu reached the parlor she said, "Grace, my errand is to you." She paused, looking at Grace with a new interest. Grace looked her best, in short gown and petticoat, and Sister Malilieu's private thoughts took rapid inventory. Magnificent voice, fine dark eyes and hair, not so very bad looking, but sunburned and roughened with hard toil. She might be improved, certainly is improvable. She is, like all these wild Irish, true-hearted, loyal and loving; she is usually good tempered and patient, and though she has not yet consciously found the Lord, she has felt after Him and He has found her, and called her. So thought the lady to herself; aloud to Grace, "I have come to you on an important errand."

Grace stared in blank astonishment as to what was to come next,—reproof she supposed; that was what she was most accustomed to.

"I have come to tell you that Providence has singled you out in a special manner. I may truly say to you 'The Master is calling for you.' The lot has fallen on you to be helpmeet to Brother Walsingham. Can you make up your mind to accept him?"

Grace stared at Sister Malilieu as if she did not understand her. "I am as much astonished as you can be, Grace; but it is quite true, and I am deputed to tell you of it, and bring back your answer." Grace always was so strange in her ways, instead of answering a word, she threw her apron over her head, and in this blindfold fashion rushed upstairs, nearly upsetting Sister Spencer, who was coming down; never stopping until she reached the attic, where she slept. She fastened the door, threw herself on her knees beside the bed and wept, sobbing out: "Oh mother! mother! I have no mother, no father! Oh mother, if I only had my mother!" Sister Spencer, tall and stately, took her way to the parlor, having from the upper window seen the pastor's wife coming towards the house; she heard Sister Malilieu's errand with pro-

found astonishment. Losing Grace was what she had never calculated upon; she had only thought of improving her, to add all the virtues she had not to those she had already, which at this moment looked more to her than they had done under provocation. But she is to be lost entirely, and by such an unheard-of occurrence. Still, except some common expressions of wonder at the ways of Providence, she preserved silence.

Grace sobbed out all her loneliness, and when the tumult of feeling in some measure subsided, she began to pray; for amid her bewilderment of mind the thought cleared itself that an answer must be given. Oh for wisdom to say what was right! Brother Walsingham was her ideal of all that was grand and noble and good. Gladly would she have followed him to be his servant for ever, feeling highly honored so to serve; but his wife—and she so unfit! Grace's thoughts could carry her no farther. She could not rise to the heroism of saying no, and with her own hand push away this wonderful blessing, though it was so mixed with pain.

Sister Spencer tapped at her door. Grace dried her eyes and opened it. The pastor's wife is waiting for her answer. Has she made up her mind? So, with swollen, tear-stained face, she returned to the parlor.

She will not say no; that is clear. There is escape from the kitchen, into a region where pens, ink, paper, books may be had with less self-denial; leisure at some times to read and write without being a transgressor. And then to be in the same house with Brother Walsingham, to hear his voice, and look at his face, to have him as teacher and guide. To say no to all this was impossible. But, then, suppose he was hoping she would say no? He might despise her, and that would be too bitter to bear.

"You are to remember, Grace," said Sister Malilieu, "that none of us can account for this lot; how it came to be there we know not. Brother Walsingham, believing firmly that it is of the Lord that the lot has fallen on you, waits for your answer."

Grace began to murmur something of unfitness and unworthiness.

Sister Malilieu interrupts her: "You nor I have nothing to do with that; if the Lord in His providence thinks you worthy what are we that we should judge differently?"

"No, Grace, you are chosen among many that we would have thought more fitting, short-sighted as we are; what you have to say is whether you will accept your lot or not."

This view of the case,—specially chosen by God from among many—soothed Grace. It was God. He could raise up a beggar from the dust and set him among princes. He did what pleased him in the armies of heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth.

"I am willing," said Grace, humbly, "to be not only wife but servant to him, if he will only despise me as little as he can."

"You are God's gift to him, Grace; he is a Christian man, he will not and dare not despise you. So now go upstairs and bathe your face and dress, for you must come home with me. You need not take anything with you; Sister Spencer will give your clothes to some poor person."

Grace, accustomed to dress quickly, was soon ready. She gathered up a few trifles that had been her mother's, a Bible and Psalm-book, the gift of the good Scottish pastor to her father; and so in a few moments she bade adieu, kindly, to Sister Spencer and her past life, remembering that, for all the late differences, she had for many years found there a safe and, on the whole, a kind and comfortable home,—more so by far than had her father lived and the time been passed in barracks. When Grace crossed the corner of the square to the pastor's house at the end of the church, and was led up stairs and installed into possession of the guest-chamber, a new life commenced. She was taken possession of in sisterly fashion by Sister Malilieu, and waited on, and helped to dress, and had her hair arranged for her by Sister Malilieu's kindly fingers. Grace's hair had been accustomed to float free, or be gathered in a knot. It was now smoothly banded round her head. Preparations for her outfit were begun immediately. Grace was astonished at the extensiveness and com-

pleteness of the plain outfit that was being prepared for her. The nimble finger of many Sisters flew over the garments that were counted necessary. It was a busy time for Grace. The strong sea-going trunks were purchased and came home, and were to be packed. Parcel after parcel came of presents from the Sisters, of finished garments, or of necessary purchases. Sister Malilieu did the shopping, consulting Grace, and, at the same time, instructing her. All this time, which was really but a few days, Brother Walsingham had not seen Grace. He sent her a blue silk for her wedding dress, some plain, heavy ornaments, that had been his mother's, pricelessly valuable in Grace's eyes, and a writing desk, work box and dressing case. Grace wished very much that when Brother Walsingham came to see her for the first time he would come in accidentally and find her busy, so that her hands might be employed, which would give her so much advantage in this dreaded interview. She was not fated to have this coveted advantage. The first new dress which came home was a plain black silk. She was packed into it; it was rather tight to Grace's ideas, and her hair was arranged smoothly, as smoothly as it could be persuaded to stay, for it was not the satin-smooth hair that was common to the settlement, but that sort of dark hair that will ripple and shine, and stray, or, as she called it, "strut beyond bounds." In this altogether unaccustomed guise, in which she was stiff, awkward and uncomfortable, her hands, alas! idle, with a red face, and the full knowledge that she was common and vulgar, Brother Walsingham was announced. He came in with his easy, lordly manner and handsome face. Grace saw the look of dismay as his eyes fell on her, and how his face grew pale even to the lips. Some of the brethren believe he fainted outright; this is not so,—he merely became pale as though he would swoon. He recovered himself in a moment, crossed the room as she was presented to him, took her hand and kissed her. Grace felt to her soul his look of pale dismay, and bewailed herself bitterly when alone, saying to herself, "So the face of Jacob might have seemed when

he looked and beheld it was Leah." She prayed, and the burden of her prayer was, "Make me worthy of him; give me power to win a little liking from him; help me to become what he will esteem." But she dried her tears before Sister Malilieu saw them, and turned to her duties. She studied the way of the household in which she stayed, wrote out recipes, and worked untiringly.

Well, the preparations came to an end; all was ready, and they were wedded. This marriage had many spectators and I hope He who was at Cana was also there. It was a bright morning in the latter end of May. The church was full. Brother Benade was officiating minister. It is the custom here for the bridegroom and his attendants to wait in the manager's house, and come in by the side door under the gallery when summoned; the bride and her maids wait at the minister's house at the other end. The brother, whose month it was to serve the Church, summoned the bridegroom; truly he looked like a prince. Brother Ripperda was one of his friends, and Brother Zula (the young Greek convert, once a prince and a leader of men, now a humble servant of Christ, learning of Him how to cast his net on the right side, that he may catch men) was the other. The sister serving the Church then went for the bride, who was dressed in blue silk, Brother Walsingham's gift, relieved with white. She looked passably well. A silk dress on Grace, I suppose, feels to her as Saul's armor felt on David, and I daresay she would put it off as gladly. One of her maids was Susanna Kerr, and the other Lily Adair. I remember well how lovely Lily looked that day. It would have been no marvel had a stranger said to her, as the peasant said to Scotland's fairest Queen, "Are you indeed an angel?" I saw Joseph Walrave taking stolen glimpses of her between times from the organ loft; he was organist on that occasion. He had not been able to see Lily since his daring declaration of love, except stolen glances, as now, in public; for the German lessons were stopped.

Well, Reginald Walsingham and Grace Branigan were made one, and that same

day they left for their distant field of labor. They journeyed to the seaport of Liverpool to take passage in the "Old Harmony," not old then, with other outward bound laborers.

I received, after nearly two years were past, the following letter from Grace, which gave me much pleasure, causing me to thank God for her. I excused the exaggerated warmth of expression, as Grace was, and would continue to be, in this respect, Irish:

DEAR SISTER BORG,—I write to you as the dearest friend, where so many are dear, of all I left in peaceful, happy Himmel-en-erde. From my home in the New World I want to thank you for the unwearied kindness which followed me through so many years, when I was a trial to the patience of the community. Where, but in Himmel-en-erde, would a wandering soldier find the loving tenderness of home to soothe his dying bed; and his orphan child be received and brought up kindly and all her waywardness borne with during so many years, as was the case with me? Your kindness pre-eminently, where all were kind, kept alive in my heart, even when I was most rebellious, a belief in the love of our Father. When I left dear Himmel-en-erde behind, I had, as you know, just one wish and prayer, that God in His great mercy would give me wisdom and enable me to fill, with all loving service, the position to which He had called me. I remembered your life, a life so full of self-denial and love for others, and I longed to so follow you as you followed Christ. The short time we were in Liverpool was fully occupied by the bustle of embarkation, and in being introduced to and forming the acquaintance of the brethren and sisters who were to be our fellow-passengers in the "Harmony." I could not help noticing their surprise when they saw the person who had fallen to the lot of Brother Walsingham. Strangers always took me for the servant of the other ladies, and thought they had but a clumsy one. When it was known that I was in very deed the wife of my princely husband I could not help overhearing what were not exactly compliments. Some strangers visiting the "Harmony" before she sailed, happened to be aboard when we also were there arranging some comfortable additions to our cabin furniture. One of the ladies of this party said to her companion, "Did you see that very distinguished-looking man who went down into the cabin just now? He is a gentleman of birth and fortune; got disgusted with the world somehow, and here he is going out as a missionary, and he has

married, actually married, a coarse, common thing, hardly fit to be his cook."

"Dear me!" said the other; "a new edition of Sir Gawain and the loathly lady. Well, he is going among natives. I dare say she will do as a jungle or prairie wife. She will be useful as maid of all work, and no one will ever see her but the barbarians; so he will not be shamed into repentance."

I felt very sorry for Brother Walsingham; I was sure he would also be liable to hear such disparaging remarks of his poor wife. I think he felt sorry for me, and tried to atone for the low esteem in which I was held by others by treating me with great deference and politeness himself. "Courtesy is the true alchemy, turning to gold all it touches and tries." If this is true I may in time grow into something which he need not be ashamed of.

I comforted myself in the meantime by remembering that I was nothing but a servant, and that God had highly honored me by transferring me from the service of others to His own. I can serve joyfully, if, like you, I can live in the light of His countenance. I was glad when we were really on board, the sails set, and the heaving motion assuring us that we were standing out to sea. I could then take refuge as much as possible in our own cabin.

I send you a few lines in which I strove to give utterance to my thoughts on the subject of servants. Do not be severely critical with them:

"Jesus, to whom we come with wishes fervent,
When He came down as bringing our relief,
It was His will to come, in form, a servant,
Being despised, being acquaint with grief.

"And when our holy, sinless, suffering Saviour,
For us sat down upon the conqueror's throne,
'Twas given to His followers that ever,
They wear the name in which He victory won.

"That which before was low is now the highest,
And that is glorious which the world counts shame,
And when I serve I to His heart am nearest,
Because the Son hath worn a servant's name.

"I will endure, as He did, words of scorning,
Thankful because my service is begun;
O may my Master on the judgment morning,
Say unto me 'Servant of mine, well done.'"

I caught one more last look of Ireland; it was the last land we saw. Dear land of my forefathers! I remembered enough of the language in which my mother crooned to me, which my father taught me, to think in it my farewell to Erin. Is not it in German that you think of Fatherland? When Ireland faded away out of sight, and before that, I had to take refuge in my berth. I was very sea-sick, and sickness of any kind was a new experience to me. I lay in my berth, feeling the pitching and tossing, listening to the straining and creaking, to cheery sailor cries, and rapid feet hurrying to obey orders, shouted so loudly as if by a voice accustomed to be heard above the

strife of the elements. How dreadfully the smell of tar seemed to pervade everything. I had a little book, "Herbert's Poetry," given to me before I started. It was new reading and very pleasant. I often tried to forget I was sick in its pleasant pages. There are pages in it which open of themselves and now, on shore, when I open this book, it recalls the sea-sick sensation, and also the tarry smell that was such an abomination to me. I must inflict one verse on you, it is so beautiful in its truth:

"Thou wilt reform and not refuse me,
For thou only art
The mighty God, and I a silly worm,
O do not bruise me!"

This sentiment shapes itself into a prayer in my mind many and many a time. When I slept I was always at home walking in the meadows by the river side, and "snuffing the caller air," or drinking my fill of the running water that ripples among the homes of Himmel-en-erde, and seeing the dear familiar faces once again. I was sick for three weeks, and Brother Walsingham, too old a sailor to be sick himself, was, only think of it, serving me and nursing me, taking me on deck every fine day, and waiting on me as tenderly as if I were a lady. I enjoyed the sights and sounds so common to life aboard ship, so strange to me, exceedingly. It was beautiful to see the obedience to orders of the seamen; how each knew his post and sprang to it the instant the order was given; to see the ship tacked about in a moment almost, because every one knew what to do, and simultaneously sprang to do it, was always a most astonishing sight to me. It was pleasant, too, to watch shoals upon shoals of porpoises tumbling past, and to see flocks of dainty little birds, called by the sailors "Mother Carey's chickens," playing about among the swells. We even saw great whales,—at least we saw the water they were spouting up. When we came into southerly latitudes (now, dear Miss Borg, I do not mean south latitude, only that we were getting nearer to the line), the starry heaven itself was not familiar looking to my eyes. We watched with great pleasure the flying fish rising in the sunlight, like flocks of birds with wings of burnished silver, and their enemy, the beautiful dolphin, dressed up in his coat of many colors to look like a bit of sunset. Our voyage, like everything else, came to an end. Our home is not in the town of Parimaribo, but a good many miles out of it up the Surinam River. For many days after our arrival I felt like one in a dream, and I could not wake up. All my expectations vanished away. I was in a new world. Trees of gigantic growth and strange foliage, gorgeous flowers of all colors in such boundless profusion, and large butterflies of every

splendid hue, as if all the flowers had taken to themselves wings; fruits in any quantity of so many sorts that I could not either name or use; I found myself, amid all this magnificence of fruit and flowers, longing to see a common field daisy with its red-tipped leaves, and to taste again some of our garden gooseberries. There are birds here of a splendor of plumage that I could not have imagined anything like them; yet I would gladly exchange them all for the little brown-coated larks that soared up from and rained down their music in the meadows by the Maine water. We have some insects and reptiles that are not nice, but I will not speak of them.

The natives are not at all particular about being clothed; in fact, clothes are ornamental. The climate does not make it absolutely necessary, and the people seem to prefer the unclothed state, and, like our first parents, at one time of their lives, they are naked, but are not ashamed. A great many of my plans and recipes may be put away for use until I return to civilization. I was very busy at first helping to make our abiding place have a home look, and feel like home.

"Why do you not ask me to help you?" said Brother Walsingham to me one day, when he caught me wrestling with a heavy piece of furniture.

"If you please, Brother Walsingham, I shall be very glad of your help."

"Well, ask it properly; I am tired of this formal pair Brother and Sister Walsingham," he said with his grave smile. "Suppose we put them out. This is our home, and you are my wife, Grace; Gracie when you are very good; you may even be Gay occasionally. I am Reginald, Regie, or even Reg, as my brother used to call me. Now, take notice, and govern yourself accordingly."

As soon as we got at all settled, we tried to get acquainted with our people. The Christian natives are few, but through them we hoped to reach the others.

Here, as everywhere, there is sickness and sorrow; so I went to work to help those who had need of helping, and it was so providential that I felt the heat less than my husband, and I learned the wants of the people and a little of their language, and how to help them, and Brother Walsingham said he did not know how he would have done without me.

I prayed earnestly that they might learn to like me, so that I might have some influence with them, and I thought my prayers were being answered when my great sorrow came. My husband took one of the fevers peculiar to this climate, and sank down to death's door. "Oh, how useful I felt my strength now! He lay helpless as an infant; I could move him about as easily as if he were one. They

used to call me strong-armed; I never knew till the time of trial came how strong I was in arm and nerve and brain. I seemed to have no thought of fatigue; it was swallowed up in anxiety. I never got so near God as when spreading my case before Him when my dear husband was in extreme danger. He heard me and gave him back to me from the gates of the grave. The natives were very kind and helpful to me through all my trouble. I found sisterly love under these tawny skins. When he began to recover slowly, he learned to like his poor common wife. My plain face got so familiar that he forgot it was not fair; my voice singing a psalm had power to soothe him to sleep when restless. He even grew impatient when I was away. I prayed to God to make me able to win his respect and esteem; but I did not think he would ever come to love me as an equal, as I hungered to be loved. But he loves me; God has given me this great blessing, and I am content. To think of it, Sister Borg, that he should consider I have beautiful hair and tender eyes that he loves to look into; to think of my voice having a charm for him, I who never was loved, only pitied, since father died! My husband is better, indeed quite well again, and busy laying plans for the benefit of our people. The attendance at chapel has increased; our school is prospering greatly; a spirit of enquiry has begun among our people, old and young. God, who has already given me so much more than I dared to hope for, has added to me a little girl baby. I think that I have nothing left to wish for. The one hundred and third Psalm expresses how I feel as if I had, out of a full heart, written it. "Blessed be the name of the Lord!" I would like to call my babe Lily in remembrance of sweet Lily Adair. When you write tell me of her welfare, and of Brother Spencer's, and the young Greek Brother, Zula.

I remain, dear Sister Borg,

Yours in the love of Jesus,

GRACE.

Brother Benade received a letter also from Brother Walsingham; but as he was stricken suddenly on a Sabbath during sermon, and called away home, it devolved on Brother Malilieu to read the letter, according to the request of the writer, which he did after the reading of the memorabilia.

This is the letter:

MY DEAR BROTHER BENADE,—Besides the annual report I want to write to you personally, because at the drawing of the lot you seemed to think I drew an unsuitable person. I knew that I trusted the Lord fully. I knew that He usually gives ex-

ceedingly abundantly above what we ask or think. He has assuredly done so in my case. It is now more than a year since I received from His hand the precious gift of my wife Grace, and I daily thank Him more and more for the treasure He has bestowed. Tender and true, obedient and submissive, wise to counsel and hopeful to cheer; her strength of endurance, when I was nigh to death, and when she did a great deal of my work, and yet seemed never absent many minutes night or day from my bedside; her love for me and her love for my Master which causes her to think all labor light, is altogether what I never expected to meet with in any woman. I wish, lest any of the brethren and sisters who knew my wife in the humble station from which it pleased God to raise her, should think me misestimated, that the whole congregation may be requested to unite with me in giving thanks to God for the helpmeet He has given me.

I remain, dear Brother, in the bonds of the Gospel,

Yours,

REGINALD WALSHINGHAM.

During the time which elapsed before the "Harmony" brought the letters from Brother and Sister Walsingham, the beautiful girl Lily was becoming more beautiful, till the most unobservant saw plainly that her beauty was not of earth. We had seen

Margaret and Ellen fade, but that word does not express the passing away of Lily. She seemed to brighten and vanish.

Brother Walrave was much with her, we all approving.

"You remember," she said, laying an almost transparent hand on the dark head bowed down with earthly sorrow, "you said it was not sinful to love. You said truly, and from the borders of the Hereafter I can say to you, Love will not die. It often shows like to God on earth, it is immortal like Him. 'The Master is come, and calleth for me.' I go before gladly. Is it not but a little while? I will wait for your coming, and we will spend that eternal 'Now' together in the garden of God, in the presence of our Lord, who is Love."

There is a white marble slab under the sycamores, sacred to the memory of Lily Adair.

And Joseph Walrave, an altered man, earnest and faithful in his work, stands unflinching at his post, keeping deep down in his heart one tender memory, made stronger and nobler by the knowledge that he was counted worthy of the heart's love of Lily Adair.

AUTUMN.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

Why does the wind at the casement sigh
In the gloom of the gray wet dawn?
The light is lost from the sea and sky,
And the rose is gone!
Gone—and the sunshine after her,
Color and fire and perfumed dew:
Only the lonely wind may stir
In the place she knew.

Then follow, O wind, the happy ways
Whither thy blushing love has fled:
Round her are lustres of perfect days
And all sweetness shed.

Follow—for desert, sky and sea
Are dim with the rush of the rain:
Summer is dead, and the day would be
Alone with its pain!

—Bazar.

LONGING AND LISTENING.

BY SAMUEL W. DUFFIELD.

To stretch my hand and touch Him,
Though He be far away;
To raise my eyes and see Him
Through darkness as through day;
To lift my voice and call Him—
This is to pray.

To feel a hand extended
By One who standeth near;
To view the love that shineth
In eyes serene and clear;
To know that He is calling—
This is to hear!

—Selected.

ELMIRE.

Chateau Richer is a small village on the North Shore of the River St. Lawrence, a few miles below Quebec. Straggling, as most Canadian villages are, it does not possess the compactness that generally characterizes English villages; but the charm in Chateau Richer does not consist in its beauty, nor in its romance, but in its glorious beach. During the year it lies comparatively unknown till the close season is over, and then Chateau is in its glory. It is the rendezvous of sportsmen, *tous les grands messieurs viennent à Chateau*, and the snipe are at their wits' end where to find a resting place. It has been for some years my wont to visit Chateau Richer, ever since a friend of mine took me there to show me what snipe-shooting in Canada was. Last fall I went there, having missed my previous annual visit.

It was the middle of September when I started *solus* in my light drag; my two pointers, my fowling pieces with ammunition and a few clothes being my only impedimenta. The day was bright and glorious; there was just a suspicion of frost in the air which gave a certain exuberance to the animal feelings and a consciousness of innate strength. Rapidly I drove along the Beauport Road, leaving behind me on the hill old Quebec, looking hoary and grey, but good-natured withal, like an ancient grand dame. Past the whitewashed houses of Beauport, out of which ruddy-faced children rushed, offering for sale exaggerated if not dainty bouquets. Towards the Falls of Montmorenci, my horse trotted, and over the bridge which crossed the rushing river, he pressed, utterly unmindful of the fate of those who before fell with bridge and all, over the frightful fall, down into the pit, from which there is no rescue, to which there is no end, except that of the other world.

Another village, L'Ange Gardien, comes

in view, and more rows of whitewashed cottages issue forth, then crowds of sunburnt, dark-eyed children, orchards filled with blushing *fameuse*, and the nut-brown *pomme-gris* adorn each side of the road, while millions of plums, looking like festoons of grapes, make the mouth water with their lusciousness. All along this rapid ride the wide St. Lawrence is tiding down towards the sea; side by side with the land it floats on, guarding it as would a knight of old his lady love, and his bright shining glitter of steel reflects back the rays of the sun, and the variegated colors in which autumn has dressed the trees and the herbage; and as the river marches down the red, yellow, purple, golden, crimson, silver and scarlet hues of the leaves make a grand procession to march by its side.

Now Chateau Richer is in sight, and soon I drive up to the door of Monsieur Clutier, at whose house I have always been accustomed to put up. My horse is stabled, my drag housed, my dogs coiled up by the big stove, and I am sitting on the sofa in Mr. Clutier's best room. The sunburnt countenance of my host appears at the door and anon I have in my grasp the hand of *un vrai Canadien*, a true son of the soil, one of the old stock, who, without the least subserviency, but from innate politeness, touches his hat to every passer-by. He is full of congratulation and of the richness of his crops, and invites me to take a *coup* of the old rum, which is long preserved, from the time when vessels were wont to pass up by the channel north of the Island of Orleans and shipmasters, disregarding the revenue laws, were accustomed to land goods in the country parishes *en route* for Quebec. Then Madame comes in and adds to the hearty welcome of her spouse; she relates the gossip of the village,—how such and such of the belles have passed into domestic cares, what gentlemen, *les messieurs*,

les officiers, were last lodged at her house, and what bags of game they carried home. "Ah," she said, "*ils sont beaux les officiers.*" And then the good dame issues forth to prepare the *souper*, and the host, after admiring the guns, ammunition and dogs, sallies out to look after his farm, while I sit down and smoke contemplatively. 'Tis the old room which often I have occupied; on the floor is the striped cataline, in one corner is a piano, a cottage piano; but it is locked now and covered religiously; a few chairs, a table, a huge clock, a double stove, a cupboard, and a few pictures of saints complete the furniture of the room. In through the windows comes the fragrance of honeysuckles and sweet-briar. On one side are two doors entering into bedrooms, in which are immense beds draped in white, a chest of drawers, a diminutive washstand, and on the wall a black temperance cross, and at the head of the bed a bottle containing holy water. Everything is the same as when I first made the acquaintance of Mons. and Mad. Clutier, excepting the piano; that was a later addition—but of that hereafter. My simple repast of pork steaks and eggs is completed, and I saunter forth on a promenade through the old village, and now and then I meet old friends whom I have known for years, who are renowned as *grands chasseurs*, kind-hearted women who are good and faithful housewives, ruddy-faced and simple demoiselles, and strong and stalwart young villagers, who, although glad to hear from *la ville*, are hearty workers in the field. Having chatted with each, and looked at the old parish church, where all piously meet to hear mass, and from whose steeple the *angelus* is solemnly chiming, I return to the home-like cottage of Mons. Clutier, and as old, egotistical Pepys would say, "so to bed."

Five o'clock in the morning. Reader, did you ever rise at that hour, in a *habitant* house, in a village on the banks of the broad St. Lawrence, in the month of September? It is yet dark, but the household are astir, and lighted candles are fitting about. Madame is preparing the *dejeuner*, and in subdued tones is conversing with her spouse, who is going to look after the

cattle. You throw open your window, and the fresh morning air, laden with the perfume of herbage and flowers, bathes you in an invigorating ether; the *garçon* brings you in a tub of ice-cold water fresh from the spring in the adjoining field, and you plunge into it and come forth a new man. Your breakfast of steak, eggs and tea is soon finished, your legs encased in endless leathern boots, your guns and ammunition ready, your dogs called, and with a *bonne chance* of your host and hostess you start for the beach. A glorious walk of less than a mile through bush and through fields till the clear blue of the St. Lawrence breaks upon your view. bounded in the distance by the Isle d'Orleans. Standing on the beach you view a flat expanse of marsh and water grass, stretching for miles before and behind you. On one side of you is a wall of bushes and trees excelling the most beautiful mosaic work in their variegated colors. Above it you can distinguish the spire of the village church, resting against the towering mountains of the Laurentian chain. On the side you have the St. Lawrence, calm as a lake, dreaming onwards to the sea. Now and then a *bateau* lazily floats by with its flapping sail, and you can see the lazy boatmen in the stern smoking their morning pipes. There is hardly a breath of wind, but what there is comes from the east, refreshing, exhilarating. But it is not to study the beauties of nature that the sportsman finds himself in early morning on Chateau beach, so you commence your tramp, which is or is not to end in death to many snipe. Ah bravo! Shot, you have made the first point, good dog! then a whirr, a report, another whirr, another report, and a brace of birds is bagged. Treading through pearly streamlets, sinking deep in the marsh, treading over yielding ground, pressing among the dangling grass, you continue your onslaught. Firing not, but eagerly eying the beach, watching your dogs, spotting the misses, you continue till the sun is high in heaven, and you stay awhile beneath some shady bush on the higher ground to partake of your *mittag mahl*, consisting of a few sandwiches. Through the afternoon the excitement of points, bringing down double

shots, whirrs, and spotting carries you onward till the descending sun, the lengthening shadows, the lessening light, the decreasing heat remind you of your village resting place, and you make your way thither. It is thus I find myself back again in the evening at Mons. Clutier's comfortable cottage. The good old wife has prepared a fowl, and the table is better furnished with vegetables and coffee, and the richest of cream brings a sense of luxury. Then Mons. Clutier takes a chair, lights his pipe, and commences the old histories he has so often repeated, which have been handed down from his fathers; how that during the war, when Quebec was taken, the English forces landed there and burnt their houses and their farms, destroyed their crops, and chased themselves and their families into the woods; how that many of them were houseless for weeks, and died from exposure and want of food; how that his grandfather had been obliged to flee to the mountains, and barely subsist on the game they killed. It was a long and troublous tale, but of no great novelty, for such things have happened in most countries. While recounting these things my eyes happened to fall on the closed piano. It was unintentional on my part, for I knew the sad story connected with it; but he had noticed my look, and with trembling voice he murmured, "Ah! pauvre Elmire," and grief overcame him, and he wept bitterly. I did not attempt to soothe him; in such cases it is better that nature should expend itself, when relief is sure to come, and I waited in silence till his tears were dried and his voice had regained its tone. Yes, poor Elmire! I well remembered her. It was about fifteen years ago when I first put up at Clutier's house; now he and his wife composed the family; at that time a son and daughter made both father and mother happy. The daughter, Elmire, was then about ten years of age, a lively, intelligent child, with large, dark eyes. Her brother, Alain, was a few years older, an impulsive and headstrong boy. As each September found me at their house, I became well acquainted with the dispositions and characters of the Clutier family. The father was a farmer, in

what would be called in Lower Canada, easy circumstances, good-natured, affable and generously inclined; this latter quality was kept in check by his wife, who had an eye to business, and allowed nothing to run to waste. The boy, as above said, was impulsive and headstrong, and was receiving a tolerable education in the Quebec Seminary at the time of my first visit. Elmire was a dear child; her disposition might be called almost angelic; there was a sweetness about her that attracted every one. As she grew older I detected a more than ordinary intelligence, and, at my advice, Elmire was sent to the Ursuline Convent in Quebec to be educated. On each of my visits I was surprised and delighted at the advancement she made in her studies; but she told me that she delighted more in music than anything else. After much pleading, backed by Madame, who, notwithstanding her saving proclivities, was fond of show, and desired to surpass her neighbors in everything, the father was induced to purchase a cottage piano for Elmire. Her joy was then complete; through the long vacation and during the winter holidays, she played and sang, and after her education was completed, and I was on my next shooting visit, I was astonished at her exquisite touch and the compass of her voice. I had brought from Quebec a parcel of music, for which I could not be sufficiently thanked. After my return from the beach she sat down to the piano and commenced to sing a plaintive air, with such sweetness and simplicity that the effect was overpowering. She finished, and suddenly without notice or warning burst into that wild and exciting song "La Parisienne." I shall never forget the effect. I could hardly believe that the young girl who a few moments before was breathing, as it were, an ode of Paradise, was the same who with dilated eye and flushed and paling countenance, was singing the fierce and impetuous "Parisienne." Her excitement was intense, and the music seemed to take entire possession of her soul. It was no mechanical performance, but a complete absorption of her nature. It was a relief to me when she had finished. On my next visit I was met by Mons. Clutier

with a sorrowful countenance; the American war was then at its height, and Alain had, without warning, joined it, and nothing had been since heard of him. I did not doubt that the inspiring songs of Elmire had worked on his imagination. A message was afterwards received from him stating that he had been wounded, and was then dying on the field of battle. His sister had loved him dearly, and felt his loss acutely. After this, my visits to Chateau were not confined to the September shooting; often during the summer, and many times in the winter, I would draw up at their door and listen, enraptured to the sweet voice of Elmire; but soon a change was to come. The Franco-German war had commenced, and Elmire commissioned me on each visit to bring her all the news of that dread struggle. As is well known, the enthusiasm among the French-Canadians was very great, and in the beginning they were certain of French victory; but when news of defeat after defeat came, it was a bitter battle of hoping against hope. These defeats caused Elmire an infinity of despair; she was incredulous,—it was impossible that Frenchmen could be beaten by Germans—Germans, whom the great Napoleon had almost swept from the earth. I was one day sitting in my office when the door was opened, and my astonishment was great when I beheld Elmire. She came forward, holding out her hand, saying, "Good-bye, my friend, I must leave you, I am going to France to help the wounded." Her emotion overcame her, and she could say no more. After this had subsided she told me that she had decided to leave with several other ladies for the seat of war, and enroll herself as hospital nurse. I said what I could to persuade her against so rash a step, but she was immovable; her decision was taken and nothing could make her change it.

"Elmire," I asked, "do you not love your father and mother?"

"Oh! yes, I do, but I know this is my duty; my brother died, wounded on the field of battle, with no gentle hand to nurse him, and his image is ever before me, pointing to France."

"Then," I said, "will you not stay for my

sake? Stay and make my life happy."

"Oh, my dear friend," she cried, "do not ask me; this is harder than I can bear; you must think of me as married to my duty. I will tell you that I love you, how well I dare not say; let me do my duty first to France, and then"—"Then," I replied, "I go with you." Elmire and the ladies who accompanied her arrived in Paris and were domiciled in several hospitals. The German armies were surrounding Paris; then came the reign of the Commune, when men and women acted as fiends; when they lost all human nature; when God was forgotten and crime was rampant. The horrors of that time can never be effaced from the memories of those who witnessed them. I had been enabled to see Elmire almost daily in her hospital; the terror of the Communists was at its height when, at the risk of life, I went to visit her. At the door I met one of the lady nurses; she immediately recognized me, and in incoherent sentences told me that Elmire had gone out in the morning and had not returned. I rushed from the building and through the streets like a madman. At the end of one street, opening on a square, there was a large crowd, and I hurried towards it; yells and cheers rent the air. As I entered it I heard a voice which I knew at once to be that of Elmire. I saw her, dressed in the garb of a religieuse, standing on a doorstep, waving a flag and addressing the assemblage of cut-throats and murderers. I could not approach her. At that moment volleys of muskets were heard, and the crowd surged up the street. I made my way as fast as possible to where I had seen her. A heap of bodies lay on the steps, among which I recognized that of Elmire. I lifted her and found that she still breathed and that she had a wound in her shoulder. I carried her back to the hospital and she was taken charge of. The wound was not mortal, but Elmire was in a raging fever. Daily I visited her and daily received the same answer, that she was still the same. At last the crisis came and I stood by her bedside. She opened her eyes and they fell on me; she smiled faintly and whispered, "Mon ami," and died. A simple stone, on which is "Elmire," marks her grave in Père la Chaise. This is the

story connected with the closed piano in Mons. Clutier's house. Poor Elmire, her end was sad. The recollections connected with Chateau Richer are very harassing. I had foregone my visit then for two years,

and thought that time had somewhat swept away these memories and I again ventured down, but the sight of the closed piano and the old man's tears have proved to me that it is not easy to tear away sorrow from the heart.

THE EMIGRANT'S NIECE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY J. J. PROCTER.

(Conclusion.)

CHAPTER IV. (*continued.*)

Mrs. Brunel had not spoken the truth when she told De Lancy she would receive his calls with pleasure. His visit had completely confounded her. She never doubted for a moment that Marie was in truth his niece, and that if the suspicions which had for an instant arisen in this man's breast, should be changed into certainties, he would enforce those rights which the ties of blood gave him over the child. Yet, how, if he saw her several times, could he fail to end in discovering the truth? Not by Marie, doubtless, for the poor child knew absolutely nothing; but in conversation with her husband, with herself, could they successfully carry out such a deception? Whilst she was thus reflecting her husband entered; he was struck with the thoughtful demeanor of his wife, and asked her the reason of it. She took him aside and related to him the extraordinary visit she had just received.

"Ah!" sighed old Brunel, "this is, indeed, very extraordinary. Has the little one any suspicion of anything?"

"Of nothing at all; only she said to me when he had gone, 'Is it not singular that that gentleman fancies I am like his sister? I should never have thought I resembled a great lady.'"

"And does this man appear to be a

gentleman? Did he tell you his name?"

"He looks well enough; his appearance is distinguished, and he may be about forty-eight or fifty years old. As for his name, he did not tell me, and I did not dare to ask it."

"Why not?"

"First, because I should have thought it rude; and, secondly, because I was afraid lest his name should remind me of that pronounced by the unknown man I told you of, a name which I have forgotten, it is true, but which might come back to my recollection if I heard it a second time. If that had happened I could no longer have entertained any doubts on the subject, and I prefer to keep those I have."

"Well, I am not of your opinion; on the contrary, I hold to having those doubts cleared up, for if it was clearly shown to me that this gentleman was Marie's uncle we could not conscientiously conceal it from him, were it merely for the sake of the child's interests."

"Oh! what are you thinking of, husband! Why, then, he would take her away from us, and Marie herself, when she knew that she was of noble birth, and not our daughter, would despise us, and cease to love us."

"I know Marie's heart too well to fear the latter misfortune; but even if that were to happen, were we to lose both the child, whose life we have saved, and whom we

have brought up for fourteen years, and with her, her love, we should not hesitate an instant to do our duty. I am not noble by birth, but I have, none the less, adopted for the rule of my life, the device of our Breton nobility, 'Do what is right, let come what may.'

"You know, my dear, I have always thought as you do on this subject, but the sacrifice is, nevertheless, very painful, and I know not how I shall be able to bear it."

"Do you think it will be less painful for me? But we will pray for strength to resign ourselves to it, and it will be granted. Besides, we have not come to that yet, and perhaps you are alarming yourself needlessly. There is no clear and positive proof that Marie is the daughter of this gentleman's sister, and he himself says that his sister had no daughter. There remains, then, only the extraordinary likeness which struck him and put this idea into his head; but that is far from being a proof, and until I have an irrefutable one I shall take good care not to give up the rights to our adopted daughter, which the law has given me."

Marie Jeanne sought in vain to calm her mind by this vague hope held out by her husband. She anxiously awaited the visit that had been promised her for the morrow, and passed the greater part of the night in weeping and praying.

CHAPTER V.

After leaving Brunel's house, De Lancy slowly returned to his hotel, on Graslins Square, meditating all the time on his late encounter. As he arrived at the top of the street that opens into the square he was accosted by a soldier, whose bronzed features were furrowed by a deep scar. On his left breast he wore the ribbon of the Legion of Honor, and his right hand rested on a slight crutch which helped him to walk; for he was lame, doubtless from some wound received in battle. When he was a few paces from De Lancy, he halted, gave him a military salute, and said, "Have I not the honor of speaking to the Count De Lancy?"

"To myself, my good fellow. What can I do for you?"

"Do you not recognize me?"

"Not the least in the world," replied De Lancy, after looking at him attentively.

"It is not surprising. Fifteen years of absence, the wear and tear of war, and the little beauty spot on my face have changed me a little, without reckoning that the livery I wear to-day is no longer that of the noble house of De Lancy."

"What!" cried the Count, "have you been in the service of my family? Tell me your name; for if I do not recall your features, I have not forgotten the name of any of our old servants."

"Well, sir! in that case you should recollect Baptiste, the son of Pierre LeBreton, who was the valet of your father, and who afterwards entered your sister's service as footman, when she married the Count du Roussier."

"Recollect you, my good, Baptiste?" cried De Lancy, seizing the soldier's hand, and pressing it warmly, "Oh, yes! I recollect you well." Tears shone in his eyes, but mastering his emotion, he added: "But the middle of a public street is not the place to renew our acquaintance, come and dine with me, and we will talk at our ease of bygone days."

A short time after the Count and the soldier were seated at the same table, and De Lancy listened with the most profound interest, and often with the deepest emotion, to the recital of the fatal campaign of Mans and Savenay. But what was his astonishment when he learned that his sister had had a daughter, and that she had been preserved in the way we have related! Before speaking to Baptiste of his encounter in the morning he determined to have a precise narration of all the circumstances relative to the birth of this child, and its wonderful preservation: "Do you recollect," he asked, "the exact date of her birth?"

"Oh, very clearly, sir!" replied Baptiste. "She was born at the Chateau du Roussier on the fifth of August, 1793—the day of St. Louis; and my mistress used to say that she was a bouquet the good God had sent her for her fête-day, and that He could not

have sent a more welcome one, seeing that having two boys already, she had long wished for a daughter. Next day the child was baptized, and received the name of Louise, after her mother."

"Yes, I understand," said the Count, partly speaking to himself, "how it was that I was not informed of this event. I had quitted France in the month of January, 1791, and I received no direct news from my family after September, 1792, nearly a year before this child's birth. But go on, my friend, tell me carefully all the circumstances of your meeting with this woman to whom my poor sister, when on the point of death, confided her child."

The soldier went over this portion of his tale the second or third time.

"And you could never find this woman again?" asked the Count.

"Never. For eight days I sought over Nantes, and there is not a byway, lane or blind alley which I did not visit, but without meeting her. I should have continued to prosecute my enquiries but for the reasons I have told you of, which compelled me to quit Nantes, and enlist in a regiment. As I told you, too, I intended to desert when we got to Belgium; but, bah! when half-way there, we got the route to join the army of the Alps. When I had once got a shot at the Austrians and Piedmontese, I no longer thought of deserting; besides, I would only have done it to rejoin you, and the thing was out of the question. At last, I got a taste for my work, especially when Bonaparte came to put himself at our head, and conquered Italy with us, with one charge. I followed that general into Egypt; I returned with him to France; when he was elected Consul I accompanied him to Margengo; then I entered the Voltigeurs of the Guard when he was crowned Emperor. At the battle of Austerlitz I received this pretty little token that you see on my face; but, in return, the Emperor gave me this ribbon and cross; finally, at Jena, a confounded bullet mangled my leg so as to render me unfit for service, and force me to take my discharge, with a pension of two hundred and fifty francs, which, with what my cross brings me, gives me an income of five hundred francs. "Here, sir," added

he, handing the Count a paper, "here is the proof that I am not deceiving you."

"I do not doubt you," replied De Lancy, taking the paper and running his eye over it. "These are magnificent services; but I am surprised that you are not an officer. It is not necessary now to be noble to become one, and the greater part of the marshals and generals of to-day are sprung from the people, like you."

"That is true, Count," replied Baptiste, blushing slightly; "but if I did not get the epaulettes, or even the sergeant's stripes, and could only reach the grade of corporal, it is simply because, like the majority of us Bretons, I did not know how to read and write. So you will understand—"

"Yes! I understand," replied the Count; "but if they did not give you a step, the Government might, at any rate, have rewarded you more generously; for after all, a pension of five hundred francs is a small thing for so many wounds and campaigns."

"Oh! they offered me a place as keeper of one of the Imperial seats, or as forester. I should then have had at least twelve hundred francs a year, and a house; but I refused—at any rate, for the present."

"And why did you refuse?"

"Because I wanted to come back to my own country; and above all, I confess, I wished to be satisfied as to what had become of my dear lady's child. This thought troubled me all the time I was serving. How many times did I say to myself, 'Ah! if I could only obtain a little furlough of a few months, I would hasten back, and, who knows I might, perhaps, be more fortunate in my enquiries than I was the first time.' But it was no use! Furloughs, in these days, are rarely granted, and during the thirteen years I have been in the service, I have not passed three months together in France. But when I found myself furnished with a discharge, I said to myself, 'No one can hinder me, now, from going to Nantes, and, above all, no one can make me leave it against my will. I am no longer a poor proscribed Vendean, I am a soldier of the Guard; I have my cross; and if I have to ransack all the houses in Nantes,

one after the other, I will find what I am in search of."

"What! was that your idea, my dear Baptiste?" cried the Count, cordially pressing his hand. "You cannot think how your devotion touches me. But now, seriously, did you expect to succeed?"

"Did I expect! Why, certainly I did, sir. One has not been a soldier thirteen years, and traversed half Europe and a quarter of Africa, without having done things a great deal harder than to find out a young girl in a town like Nantes. Besides, I am a Breton, that is to say, persevering, and I will lay my character that I shall succeed."

"Well, my friend, I am glad to see you thus disposed, and still more glad to tell you that I hope to save you a part of your enquiries; for I made a discovery to-day that, I think, will lead us straight to what we want." Then he told him of his meeting with the young girl, his visit to the clothier's, and the confusion Mrs. Brunel had evinced when he asked her if that were really her child.

"Oh, there is no doubt, sir!" cried the old soldier eagerly. "Yes, it is certainly Mdle Louise du Roussier; I could swear to it by all the saints in Paradise. Now, sir, if you listen to me, let us go back there at once; let us finish the business off-hand. 'Lead us on, colonel,' as we used to say in the Guard."

The Count smiled at the impetuosity of Baptiste. "No, my friend," said he, "let us do nothing hastily,—I don't wish to frighten these good people to whom I owe so much, if it be really they who have saved the last hope of my family. Let us begin, above all things, by being perfectly certain of the fact, and then I will act according to circumstances. Do you think, my dear Baptiste, that, after so many years, you can recognize the woman that you saw for a few moments only?"

"Oh, certainly, sir! I should know her among a thousand others; and by the portrait you have drawn of her, I am persuaded it is she."

"That is not enough, my friend; you must be certain of it. So you will go to the shop this instant, on some pretence or

other; for instance, to buy some of the articles she has for sale. It is not likely she will recognize you, since I, who knew you from your infancy, failed to do so; but she will not have changed as much as you, and I think you will be easily able to assure yourself whether it is really the same person whom you met on that fatal January evening in 1794. If it is she, do not say anything that can arouse the slightest suspicion, and come back directly to tell me what you have learned."

Baptiste set out immediately, and came back an hour afterwards to tell M. de Lancy that he had perfectly recognized Mrs. Brunel as the woman who had carried off Madame du Roussier's infant.

Next morning, the Count, accompanied by Baptiste, visited the Brunels. He found them both in their shop. Marie was in an adjoining room.

"Madam," said the Count, addressing Marie Jeanne, "you deceived me yesterday in telling me that the young girl I met was your child. You received her from the arms of my sister, her mother, as she was going to be drowned."

"Sir," replied old Brunel, "it is true the child is not ours. When my wife told me of your visit yesterday, I blamed her for concealing this fact; but what is there to prove to us that, among the many infants saved in the same way, this one whom we have taken and adopted is the child of your sister? You, yourself, told us that your sister's children were boys."

"I allow it; but I did not then know that my sister had had a girl after I left France. Besides, here is a witness," he added, pointing to Baptiste, "who can remove your doubts? Speak, my friend; remind this good woman of the circumstances in which you met with her, and how you were a witness of her noble deed."

Thus called upon, Baptiste commenced his story, but he did not finish it, for Marie Jeanne threw herself in tears at the feet of the Count, and cried to him, amidst her sobs, "Yes, sir! I know now that Marie is indeed your niece; I know that you are her nearest relation, and, as such, have stronger claims upon her than we have. But, I conjure you, do not take her from us

now. We have but a little longer to live; she has been the consolation of our old age. Ah! if we lose her, we have nothing left but to die."

Brunel said nothing. He had not knelt, like his wife, but his head hung down upon his breast, and silent tears flowed from his eyes.

The Count, touched with the sight, spoke gently to them. "Listen, my good people," said he: "I know all that you have done for my niece, I know how dearly you love her; but this very affection that you bear her, should make you glad to see her resume the rank in society to which she is called. You can understand that she must now receive an education suited to this rank, and to the large fortune she will one day possess, and it is not by remaining with you that she can receive such an education. It is my intention to make you a fitting acknowledgment for all you have done for her; but, in the name of this dear child, in the name of her future happiness, I beg of you not to oppose a separation, which has become necessary for her interests.

"Sir," replied old Brunel, "do not speak to us of acknowledgment. You could not, however rich you may be, offer us anything that could recompense us for the loss of our child; but, when her happiness is concerned, there is no sacrifice we are not ready to make for it. So you can take away your niece whenever you think proper."

"Oh! A thousand thanks, my good people!" cried the Count, overjoyed. "And Thou, oh my God! I bless Thee for having restored to me the child of my darling sister. I shall no longer be alone in the world."

He went to announce this good news to his niece, thinking that she would be glad to learn of this change in her fortunes; but scarcely had she comprehended what the Count was saying to her than she threw herself into the arms of Mrs. Brunel, and cried, "No! No! I will not leave Mamma."

In vain did her uncle, and even the poor couple themselves, represent to her the wealth and pleasures that awaited her; "I will not leave mamma!" was the only reply she made, clinging still closer to the neck of the good woman, who was weeping with

mingled joy and sorrow. The Count, who judged of the care taken of his niece by the strength of her attachment to her adopted parents, was at last overcome by so obstinate a resistance, and said, "There is one way of satisfying everybody. Since my niece will not leave you, come with her; you have cared for her childhood, she shall take care of your old age, and thus you will be always together."

Then the scene changed; this fortune that a moment ago the young girl refused for herself, she accepted now that it was to be shared with those she loved so dearly. The Brunels would have objected; but she had recourse to tears, supplications, and caresses to induce them to come with her, continually repeating that she would never leave them. Melted by such touching proofs of affection and gratitude, the good folks at last determined to quit their modest home, and a few days after De Lancy took Marie Jeanne, her husband, and daughter (for the latter insisted on keeping that title,) to his residence. She retained also the name of Marie, adding to it, however, that of Louise which she had received at her birth. The faithful Baptiste accompanied them, and was taken into the Count's service as confidential agent, and not as a servant. Mademoiselle Marie Louise du Roussier received a brilliant education, and, in a short time, had made such rapid progress, that no one ever suspected that her infancy and youth had been passed in a little second-hand clothes-shop. At the age of nineteen she married the Baron de Gercourt, after making it a condition that her adopted father and mother should continue to live with her. And so it happened that strangers, invited to dinner with the Baron de Gercourt, were greatly surprised to see in the drawing-room a rude old lady whose dress and rather unpolished manners contrasted strangely with the brilliant society that was to be found there; and still more surprised to see the lovely Madame de Gercourt dart before her, embrace her tenderly, call her mother, and lavish on her the most delicate attentions. The surprise did not cease, till, at the end of the dinner, and by the request of several of the guests, Madame de Gercourt related with enchanting grace and modesty the history we have just written.

Young Folks.

AUNT NETTIE'S GHOST.

BY M.

"Aunt Nettie," exclaimed my young nephew Harry, as he rushed into my sitting-room, tumbling over a footstool in his excitement and falling nearly headlong into my lap, "Aunt Nettie, Bridget says she saw a ghost last night," and poor Harry's chubby face expressed the horror he felt.

"Indeed," I answered, quietly, "where?"

"Near the orchard, and she saw it as she was going to the spring for water last evening?"

"And what did Bridget's ghost look like?"

"A great big Indian, and he was away up on top of the trees, up in the sky, Bridget says, and he kept bowing to her all the time."

I tried hard not to smile, for I was well acquainted with Bridget's ghost, having seen it myself many times; but Harry was a smart little fellow for his six years, and he detected the amused expression of my face.

"Aunt Nettie, you are laughing; now I know you don't believe Bridget one bit."

"Yes, dear, I do believe that Bridget saw what she thought was a ghost; but, Harry, it was only a treetop."

"Oh-h!" with a mingled look of disappointment and relief; then, after a moment, "but why did you not tell me at first?"

"Only because you were so excited that you could scarcely have listened to me then. Trust me, Harry, there are lots of ghosts in the world like Bridget's, only sometimes they are not found out. But run away to your lessons now, and after tea we will take a walk by the orchard, when I will point out the tree which has frightened Bridget, and at the same time tell you about my ghost story."

"Oh, Auntie, that will be splendid; but could we not go before tea?"

"No, dear, it shows better in the twilight, and even then only when the sky westward is clear."

Harry, though excitable and impulsive to a degree, was still very obedient, so that he was soon away preparing the lessons which he was to repeat to me after our early dinner, and whilst he is so employed I will tell you a little about ourselves at Riverview.

We were not wealthy people, though our means were such as to give us all the necessities and some of the luxuries of life. My husband, a retired officer, was now away from home, gone to Europe for the purpose of placing our two sons at some first-class educational establishment, whilst I remained behind to look after our farm, and see that our servants did their duty faithfully. It was no trifling task for a woman to undertake, still it could not be avoided, and I knew that, though my supervision must necessarily be very imperfect when compared to my husband's, still it was much better than trusting to an entire stranger. Harry was a sister's child, spending the summer with me.

The day passed pretty much the same as many others do, but it must have seemed long and tiresome to Harry, for he more than once came to know the hour. However, tea was at length over, and we started upon our walk just as the summer sun was sinking gently to his rest. Riverview was certainly a lovely spot, its only drawback being that it was seven miles from the city; still, during summer, we did not mind that, and in the winter we were not obliged to remain there.

I will try to depict my home to you, even though I fail most signally. The house was of a most unpretending character, having been originally a small cottage of three rooms, but land was plentiful at Riverview, so also was lumber, and by degrees we added here and there till at length our first home came to be merely the entrance to our present dwelling. The road did not pass in front of our house, but at the end, so there was nothing to interrupt the view from our parlor window of the full sweep of the Etchmin River just above the Fall, nor of the Fall itself; indeed it was from this circumstance that we named our residence. Of all the lovely small rivers of Canada (and their name is legion), surely none can surpass the beautiful Etchmin. Rising far away, in a lake of the same name, it pursues steadily its tortuous course to the great St. Lawrence. Here dashing wildly along over innumerable rocks; there flowing peacefully a wide though shallow expanse of silvery water; then another hurried dash just where some neighboring rivulet flows into it, and where man has chained the power of the water sprite to his own use; on again, quietly, dreamily, with scarcely a ripple on its surface, between verdant hills or luxuriant meadows, traversed here and there by an old-fashioned scow, a wooden canoe, or perhaps the more primitive ford; then a quickening of the whole expanse of water till it rushes headlong over a precipice, making a fall of over sixty feet. This Fall was all we could see from our window, but the river rushed on its course between high cliffs such as Quebec is famed for, till about two hundred yards below our house it again wandered on in the same way that it had from its source to the Fall. Nor was the short distance from the Fall to where it resumed its old style devoid of beauty; on the contrary, as much variety seemed to be concentrated on those few hundred yards as on its longer course, both before and after; for here, just below the Fall, was a boiling rapid, such as no boat could live in; then a wide shallow where I have often seen raftsmen cross with only the aid of a pole, leaping from rock to rock as we imagine chamois-hunters to do on the giddy Alpine ledges; then close to it, so close that it must be as

a deep pit, the water is inky black in its profound depth, and the largest ship in Her Majesty's navy could ride safely there. Once more a scattering of the vast body of water, no longer black and solid looking, but white, feathery, sparkling in the sunlight, or in duller light like the "carded wool" of Longfellow. But enough of this; I fear to be prolix, and yet my heart warms to the spot where some of my happiest days were spent.

Harry and I soon gained the road leading to the orchard and spring, and finding a moss-covered stone we sat down, "to wait for the ghost," Harry said, but in reality till one crimson cloud away in the west should move farther away. A gentle breeze swayed the branches around us, and far away helped one cloud on its journey, so that in a very few moments I could say to Harry,

"Look there, dear, far up above the trees; what do you see?"

"Why, Aunt Nettie, it is a man; it must be a man; and yet," with a very puzzled expression, "how could he get there? Oh, look!" as the figure swayed back and forth in the breeze—"he is bowing to us. Oh, I know now that is Bridget's ghost!" and the bright eyes looked excitedly into mine.

"Yes, Harry, that is what Bridget supposed was a ghost, but it is really nothing more than the top of a maple tree. I cannot tell you how it has happened, but there is a bare space just below the tuft of small branches which you now see, and at this time of night, particularly when the western sky is clear, the similarity in shape to a man is very great."

"Did you know of it before?"

"Certainly, dear. Your uncle and I first saw it last summer; but it is more deceptive this year, as it is larger, and the main support longer, and entirely without leaves." And then, at his earnest request, I told him of *my* ghost, told it to him as we sat under the shadow of the maples, within view of the heavily-laden fruit trees which grew in the valley below us, and within sound of the rushing, roaring river. And I will tell it to you, dear readers, though, not perhaps word for word, as I told it to Harry.

When I first married, my husband and I resided in a tiny little cottage which is now the centre of our dwelling. We had just purchased the farm, and as both agreed it would be better to pay the whole purchase money than to have a mortgage, we decided upon doing so, though it left us low in funds for a while. However, we were both young and healthy, and did not in the least object to helping ourselves. For two years then we lived alone on the farm, having only the services of a hired man, who took his meals and slept at his brother's—our next neighbor. Economy will always tell, and by the time my baby was born we began to see our way clearly, and lay out plans for enlarging our house. A servant I should have had before, but unfortunately there were none to be had, so I had to do my own house-work, and after all I am not sure but that it was a benefit to me. But I am not going to discuss that, but rather hasten on with my story. Baby was about three months old when we decided upon building a west wing to our home, and lumber was drawn and laborers engaged for the work. Of course, we expected inconvenience and confusion; but it was only a few days before the work really began that we were told the side wall of our bedroom must come down.

"It will be very awkward for you, Nettie," said my husband, "I am tempted to send you home for a few weeks. What do you say to my plan!"

"I say that I would much rather stay here, and you know that with very little trouble we can have our furniture removed to the store-room."

"Why, so we can; I never thought of that;" and the matter was settled. Our store room, by the way, was really one-half of the open garret, a large, airy room which my husband had partitioned off for my convenience when first he brought me home. The workmanship was certainly not good—was it not his first attempt?—and it did not look very inviting for a bedroom, with its bales of wool, boxes of oap and candles, bundles of dried herbs, &c.; but the farm hands soon removed all that, and after my room was aired and our furniture moved in, it was a most delightful summer chamber.

"How do you like your new room?" I asked my husband, after all was arranged.

"Charming," he answered; "see what a lovely view of the river; I never knew the Falls were so beautiful."

"Nor did I," I answered; and he stood long at the open window laying plans for the future, and ere we left decided upon giving our place the name of "Riverview."

Three or four weeks after, when the work was well under way, my husband had to go a distance from home on business, and it was understood that even if he came home at all it would be late. "You had better keep John to sleep in the kitchen," he said, and I promised I would, and fully intended doing so, but the time passed more quickly than I was aware of, and John was away before I thought of speaking to him. True, I might have walked over to his brother's, but baby was nearly four months old now, and heavy for me to carry so far; then I felt no fear, and why should I trouble myself about him? No, I would just lock all up a little earlier than usual, leave my husband's supper on the dining table, and baby and I would go to our own room. He was very good that night, better than usual, I think, and ere long the blue eyes were closed in sleep, and I could lay him in his little cot. I sat sewing some time, then lighting my lamp took up a book and began to read; but sleep soon overtook me, and after what seemed to me but a second, I jumped up to find that it was far on into the night.

"How careless of me," I thought, as I jumped up, and looking towards the door of my room I found it open. That I had shut it in entering I well knew, so thinking that perhaps my husband had returned, and, finding me asleep, had gone down alone to his supper, I went to the stair-head and, leaning over the baluster, listened for any noise below. All was silent, and after calling "James" once or twice softly, I returned to my room without giving another thought to the open door. Once more I took up my book—wide awake this time—and read on till a stir from baby warned me that I must go to him. I rose from my seat, and turning towards the door, lo! it was once more open. Startled

I was certainly, but not frightened yet; so thinking that I must have closed it carelessly before, I this time took special pains before bending over my baby, who was becoming restless. From five to ten minutes passed before baby was quieted, and the first thing that met my startled gaze was again that open door. Useless to say now that I was not frightened; I was really terrified; and when nerving myself to the task I twice more closed that door only to see it open noiselessly after a moment or two, I felt so utterly frightened that it was only the love to my baby which kept me from screaming in my nervous terror. Five times now had I closed that door, and five times had it opened without visible agency; my heart beat wildly, beads of perspiration stood upon my forehead, when, to add to my distress, I found on looking at my watch it pointed to the weird hour of midnight. How I lived through the next few minutes I cannot tell. Looking back now through the vista of nearly eighteen years I can only account for it by the strong mother-love which would dare everything rather than forsake her child, or carry it into unknown danger. Blankly staring at the half-open door then, there I sat, expecting I know not what, and my listening powers stretched to their utmost to catch the slightest sound. Minutes that seemed hours to me passed over, till at length finding that all was still, and soothed, I think, by my darling's soft breathing, I ventured once more across the room, closing the door with a trembling hand and retaining my hold of it. Was I going mad, or was it sober earnest that under my very touch it assayed to move? Alas, there was no room for doubt, the pressure against my trembling fingers was real; but encouraged by the sound of horse's hoofs, I managed to hold my own till I heard the welcome step on the stair. Then my fictitious strength gave way, and ere my husband could reach me I had fallen to the floor in a death-like swoon.

"What was it?" you ask. Well I will tell you. Do you remember I said that our bedroom had been a store-room, and that the wood-work was very common, be-

ing in fact my husband's first attempt at amateur carpentering; also, that I had bunches of dried herbs hanging around; knowing that we should not occupy the room long I had not removed the nails on which my herbs were wont to hang as I knew they would be required again. One of these nails was behind the door, and on it I was in the habit of hanging my work-bag. The door had a very imperfect kind of fastening, and the weight of the bag was sufficient to open it each time I closed it. The same thing may have happened before without my being aware, or it may have been that the bag was heavier than usual; still there was the fact, tested by both of us next day, and to our entire satisfaction, that the work-bag and it alone was my ghost.

AN EVENING AMUSEMENT.

Fasten a picture frame upon two posts by means of screws driven through them into the back of the frame. Place these about two and a half feet from the wall, at the end of the room, so that the frame will stand upright, with the lower edge about three and a half feet from the floor. From all sides of the frame to the wall drape dark shawls or other convenient cloth, and also place a black cloth on the wall behind the opening of the frame so that the wall cannot be seen through the frame. The light which should come from the side or the top of the room, should be shaded from the eyes of the spectators, and with a reflector upon the frame. Two or three boxes of different heights must be ready for the persons who are to form the picture to stand or sit upon, in order that the heads may show in the proper light.

If the picture can be concealed during the arrangement of it, by folding door or some simply arranged curtain, the effect will be heightened. A little ingenuity will contrive very pretty groups, and a funny picture may be introduced to give variety; for instance you can announce an antique head by Gardener, and show a great cabbage head. In any magazine you will find pictures to copy.

The effect is also increased by having an artist asleep upon a couch at the side of the room, who is supposed to be dreaming of the pictures as they pass. He may have an easel before him, and brushes in his hand, as if he had fallen asleep at his work.—*Selected.*

AN EVENING WITH PIKE'S SUB-TROPICS.

BY MRS. A. CAMPBELL.

"Well, Herbert, where have you been all this afternoon?" said Mrs. A., as a handsome, dark-haired boy came into the room; "I have been thinking of hunting you up and asking you to take a walk with me; but it is too late now."

"Well, mother, I am sorry, as a walk would perhaps have done me more good than what I have been about. I had intended getting some work out of my holiday, but it all ended in my going to father's library, taking down an old book, and becoming so absorbed in its contents that I have not moved till now. The book was 'Paul and Virginia,' a quaint old story, written in French, and said to be true; do you know it?"

"Yes," said Mrs. A., smiling; "it is a story most young people are charmed with."

"I liked it," said Herbert, "because of the lovely pictures of scenery in it. What a beautiful island that Isle of France or Mauritius is, and yet one knows so little about it."

"That can be easily remedied, Herbert," said his mother, taking a handsome volume from the table. "I have here one of the most clever and entertaining books I ever read, called 'Sub-Tropical Rambles,' by Nicolas Pike, an American gentleman, who was sent out as United States Consul to the Mauritius. I recommend it to you."

"Ah, mother dear, that is too long an affair; I should never get through. It is not often I get a holiday to myself, you know, and I have so many studies and such heaps of exercises to write I can read very little for my own pleasure. Could you not tell me something about it?"

"Well, I am afraid I should spoil it, my boy; however, if you will wait till after tea, I will do my best for you."

An hour or so later found Mrs. A. with a small circle of interested listeners waiting eagerly to hear something of the scene and history of the island in which the romance of Paul and Virginia had been laid,—one of her talks about countries, as her children called them. It was usual for her to read a book and if the information were valuable, and of too lengthy or too difficult a nature for them to read, to digest it herself and give a short synopsis of its contents in an evening's conversation—a plan we would recommend to all parents as a pleasant mode of conveying instruction.

"Mother, will you tell us first who discovered the island?"

"Mauritius," said Mrs. A., "was first discovered by the Dutch in 1595, and received its name in honor of Prince Maurice of Holland."

"Was he not the son of William, Prince of Orange?"

"Yes, he was the son of your favorite hero, whose noble struggles to free his country from the yoke of Philip of Spain has endeared his memory to every lover of liberty and true religion. Motley's 'Rise of the Dutch Republic' is a history of that period, and more interesting than any novel I ever read. Prince Maurice was at Leyden when his noble father was assassinated, and the Provinces of Holland and Zealand at once elected him Stadtholder. His talents as a general surpassed all expectations, and his life was an almost unbroken series of battles, sieges and victories. War he is said to have understood as a master and conducted as a hero; we have not time to go into his history now, but Folard says Maurice was the greatest Infantry general that had existed since the time of the Romans,

and he was a good judge, for you know he fought under the celebrated Charles XII., and wrote many works upon military tactics which were held in great repute. But to return to Mauritius, it was subsequently taken possession of by France, and remained a French colony till 1810. During this period it was called Isle of France. In 1810 it was captured by Britain, and here, though I will not go into the particulars of this fight by sea and land between those countries, yet I must tell you of two incidents which speak for themselves: The tide of victory, which had been in favor of Britain at one time, turned, and on the 20th August began a murderous conflict off the Isle de Passe, a coral islet in which was a circular battery and barracks, distant about a league from the mainland, defending the entrance to Grand Port. It was retaken; three frigates were captured, and prisoners to the number of 100 naval and military officers and 2,600 soldiers and seamen were taken into Grand Port. The French pledged themselves to forward their prisoners in a month to the Cape of Good Hope, or to send them home on parole; instead of which the officers were treated with the greatest hardship, and even some ladies taken on board the Indiamen were imprisoned. Flushed with success, after this battle of Grand Port, General Decaen considered the French naval force sufficient to destroy the remainder of the British squadron stationed at Bourbon, and to render their preparations for the subjection of Mauritius unavailing; but he was mistaken, for, after some hard sea fights, the English effected a landing in spite of the dangerous coral reefs which surround the whole island, and, after several sharp skirmishes, in which Colonel Campbell, of the Thirty-third Regiment, and Major O'Keefe, of the Twelfth, were killed, they pulled down the French standard and hoisted the English one with hearty cheers. Upon this General Decaen was obliged to accede to the terms of the British, which were nothing less than the surrender of the island, which was ratified on the 3rd December. On the same day the Grenadiers marched into the lines and occupied the batteries of Port Louis. The inhabitants awaited with the deepest in-

quietude the arrival of the British troops in the town, anticipating scenes of pillage and disorder; and it is not easy to express their surprise, when they beheld 20,000 men flushed with victory, enter without molesting a single individual. A few instances occurred of foraging parties taking possession of cattle; but orders were at once given for compensation to be made to the sufferers. The next day the shops were all open, displaying their finest wares; hotels and cantens were crowded; the most perfect harmony prevailed amongst the sailors, soldiers, and inhabitants. No one would have supposed it was a city only the day previously in a state of siege. From this time Mauritius—no longer called Isle of France—became a British colony. A colony, you know, Herbert, is a possession kept and assisted by an older or mother country till it is able to take care of itself. England owns so many colonies that the sun is said never to set upon her dominions, and it is one of the secrets of her greatness. She has ports for her ships in all parts of the world and a ready market and exchange of wares. The United States was once a colony of Great Britain and settled by some of her best and noblest sons; but want of enlightenment in governing and acts of oppression made the colony rise up and sever the leading strings of the mother country, and she became a colony no longer—grown up people cannot always be treated as children—and the lesson, though sharp, has been of use to Britain, for she has treated her other colonies with greater liberality in consequence. But I must take up my book and read from what Colonel Pike says in his preface of Mauritius:

“The ‘Gem of the Ocean’ is, in reality, but little known to the world at large, small as it is, only a dot in a vast ocean, it is, or at least it might be made, one of the most fertile and productive of the English Colonies. It’s mountain scenery is grand, and its singularly formed rugged peaks supply an endless fund for reflection. Nowhere is the ‘stone book of nature’ more widely opened so that ‘he who runneth may read.’ Its waterfalls, its caverns, its wild forest lands, must ever be sources of pleasure to all who choose to seek for them. Its coasts afford the naturalist never-ending stores for collection and study, and all these go far to make up for the many things so totally de-

ficient in Mauritius. They make life bearable, which would, without them, be a dull monotone. On my receiving my appointment as Consul to this island, I sought in vain for information respecting it. I therefore determined to note everything I saw and gain information of all kinds relative to this interesting place, and the present volume is the result.

"Colonel Pike took passage in the United States steamer 'Monocacy,' a vessel of 1,030 tons, in August, 1866, for Mauritius. On their way they touched at several places, and I wish I could go at length into his descriptions, his exquisite word-pictures. Being an ardent lover of nature and a highly cultivated man, he sees things which the ordinary traveller would pass unnoticed. Natural history, botany, conchology, the science and law of storms, are all in their turn ably and interestingly handled by him. He says, and this will, I am sure, interest you, Herbert :

"September 3.—We were running down the Gulf Stream with splendid weather. This remarkable stream has its fountain head in the Gulf of Mexico and its mouth in the Arctic Sea, and has a current more rapid than the Mississippi or Amazon. The velocity of this current, however, varies greatly. According to Dana, "Of Florida it is from three to five miles per hour, and in the Polar current has a rate of less than one mile. It is of great depth. Dr. Franklin was of opinion that the Gulf Stream was formed by the escaping waters, forced into the Caribbean Sea by the trade winds, and that the pressure of these winds upon the waters of this ocean forced up a head sea." It is stated that the chemical properties, or (if the expression be admissible) the galvanic properties, of the Gulf Stream waters, as they come from their fountains, are different, or rather more intense than they are in sea water generally. In 1843 the Secretary of the Navy took measures for procuring a series of experiments and observations with regard to the corrosive effects of sea water upon the copper sheathing of ships. With patience, care, and labor, these researches were carried on for ten years, and the fact has been established that the copper on the bottom of ships cruising in the Caribbean Sea and Gulf of Mexico suffers more than in any other part of the ocean. That is, the salts in these waters create the most powerful galvanic battery that is found in the ocean."

"The 'Monocacy's' first stopping place was St. Thomas, one of the West India Islands, about twelve miles long and three broad. You will remember it, children, as

being the scene of that terrible earthquake and tidal wave a few years since. It, as well as the rest of the West India Islands, is subject to hurricanes during the months of August, September and October, which do great damage to shipping. The next was Barbadoes, where they put in to bury an officer who died suddenly at sea, each man throwing a spray of green leaves into the grave as he bade adieu to the friend left behind in a strange land, far from home and kindred. Pernambuco comes next and then Rio, where, he says :

"The scenery is grand and imposing. The Sugar Loaf and Corcovada Mountains, with their bold precipitous cliffs, frown down upon you; the Organ Mountains lie in the distance, and a long range of hills border the coast. The harbor is well fortified and studded with picturesque islands."

"We must pass over much that he says of the town and take a walk with him in the country :

"After passing through Jurajuba, I shaped my course up the mountain, towards a small opening in the woods. Bright colored butterflies fluttered across my path, and now and then a gorgeous plumaged bird would start up before me, and uttering a soft plaintive note, disappear in the dense foliage. The place was covered with noble palms, mangoes, and flowering shrubs. I walked for some distance in a southerly direction, but at length found it impossible to penetrate deeper through the dense underbrush. The vines and creepers were so thickly intertwined I was obliged to retrace my steps. I collected a good many rare botanical specimens, and got a few snakes and lizards, which abound here; the former are most of them poisonous. As night was approaching, I hastened on, in hopes of reaching St. Domingo; but, after walking two or three miles, I found I had lost my way. The sun was fast sinking in the west, and the unpleasant idea of spending a night alone in a Brazilian forest was beginning to force itself upon me. As I had a Colt's revolver and a large knife in my girdle, I began seriously to contemplate taking up my quarters in a tree should I not succeed in finding an opening. I walked on for about half an hour unsuccessfully, and as it was then quite dark, had just decided on going to roost, when I heard the voice of a muleteer singing to his mules in the distance. I lost no time in shouting at the top of my voice, and to my great joy was answered, and he soon came to my rescue. He told me I was ten or twelve miles from St. Domingo; that he was a slave going to market to sell fruit for his master;

and that if I would accompany him, he would guide me. He was astonished to find I could speak his language, and still more that I was foolish enough to penetrate the jungle solus. The stories he told me of the ounce (*Felis onca*) were enough to frighten any one; but fortunately I knew them to be mostly imaginary. My companion was very chatty and told me no end of marvels, but being anxious to get back I urged him on, and we got to St. Domingo at 3 o'clock in the morning. When there I at once put off in a boat for the 'Monocacy,' where my friends were beginning to think I was lost.

"Rio contains about 175,000 inhabitants, the greater portion of which are colored. It can boast of one of the finest docks in the world; hewn out of the solid rock and cost many millions of dollars. It is the work of an English engineer. There is an iron foundry which I visited, and its works will vie with those of European nations. This is also under the management of Europeans and Americans. On November the 19th we were ready for sea, and on the 22nd the 'Monocacy' slowly steamed away. Just as we left a clipper ship was putting into the port in distress, having lost her top-masts and bulwarks.

"Again on the wide ocean, outward bound; out we soon found it was not to be smooth sailing, for the night of the 23rd was so rough everything was rolling and pitching about; the guns frequently dipped in the water, and the waves broke over the hurricane deck. Many of both officers and men were seasick, myself among the number. I lay tossing from side to side and wondering how people could like the sea. I thought of the song, 'Some love to roam o'er the dark sea's foam,' but decidedly give me the 'Life in the woods.' 25th rose bright and clear, and all was bustle and activity again. Divine service was held by Capt. Carter regularly every Sabbath. All came aft in their best clothes and seated themselves quietly and reverently. The American flag was spread over a table, and when prayers were read officers and men joined in a hymn. It is, I think, a peculiarly impressive service, out on the deep blue ocean. There were 175 souls, shut away from all the world, assembling and uniting their voices in praise of their Creator. In the evening I sat in the ward-room with the officers and we sang all the good old psalm tunes. They brought back younger days when, at the old fireside at home, all the dear ones, now dead or scattered, joined in the holy songs.

"Up to December 3rd we had continual squalls, when I found, to my utter astonishment, that to me was attributed a good deal of the contrariety of the elements! The sailors averred it was owing to my having killed an albatross. When the

storm was at its height they entreated me not to kill any more of these birds, as they are considered to be the spirits of seamen lost in the ocean, and who dying unassailed, have to wander over the face of the deep for an infinity of years, and they hover round ships in the hope of seeing some of their old comrades. I could not help laughing at the superstition, which was partially shared even by some of the officers; but finding them so earnest in their belief I promised that no other bird should be molested by me while on board. I was sorry for the sake of science, for I saw some of the yellow-rosed albatrosses and large petrels afterwards which I should like to have got for the Long Island Historical Society, New York, but was obliged to allow the lost spirits to sail on in security, protected by the brave sons of Neptune. Luckily for me they did not serve me like Coleridge's 'Ancient Mariner,' and hang the dead bird round my neck.

"'For I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work me woe;
For all averred I had killed the bird
That made the fair breeze blow,
'Ah wretch!' said they, 'the bird to slay
That made the breeze to blow.'"

"15th December. They ran into Simon's Bay, Cape of Good Hope, a safe anchorage for vessels at all seasons of the year, which Table Bay is not. Colonel Pike at once starts, as he says, 'to see all there was to be seen,' armed with a stout stick and his vasculum; but we must let him tell his own story:—

"'I landed at the pier. I set off on foot along a fine road by the shore towards Belvidere. Before arriving there I met a large drove of Cape sheep led by an old ram. They came prancing down the road, their great tails swinging and bobbing about in so droll a manner that I was puzzled to know what they were, never having seen such queer animals. Instead of the ordinary caudal appendages they have a mass of fat, sometimes over a foot square, terminated by a pointed tip turned up. The upper side only of the tail has hair. The true Cape sheep has coarse, long hair, which, however, becomes woolly in crossing the breed. They are rarely seen now, the farmers finding it more profitable to keep good woolled sheep. As the breed improves the tail gradually disappears. When killed the tip is cut off and the tail split in two, salted and dried in the wide chimneys, and makes a very good substitute for bacon; or it is melted and supplies the place of butter in cookery. The tip is carefully rendered down and strained, when it is clear as crystal, and can be applied to any purpose for which neats-foot oil is used.'

"Col. Pike stays to rest at the house of a Capt. Miller, whose hospitality he partook of. He says:—

"He had a nice patch of vegetables near the house; but he told me the baboons were so troublesome they robbed him of nearly all his crops. He was determined to put a stop to their depredations, and he built a little thatched hut so as to overlook the garden, and placed a man there with a loaded gun. But they were too clever to be caught easily. They watched the time when the man went to his dinner, and down they would come, doing endless mischief in his absence. These animals are very crafty, and when out marauding, one party is sent thieving, while others are dispatched to the different points commanding the situation, as scouts. The thieves devour all they can, and fill their cheek pouches, and carry off as much as possible if all goes well. On the slightest appearance of danger, or the approach of any one, a peculiar cry is given as a warning signal, when away they scurry, and it would be a fleet foot that could follow. They make for the nearest bush, or Kranz, where they grin down in triumphant security. To go back to my old man, who knew their cunning ways. One day when the guard-ian left for dinner, down they came as usual, grown bold by continued successes; but whilst they were devouring the pumpkins the man cautiously crept back and soon succeeded in mortally wounding a large fellow about four feet high. The scene that followed was so painful that Captain Miller declared he would never shoot another if they eat up all his vegetables. He describes it as exactly like a human being in the death agony. The poor thing looked up in his face so pitifully whilst its plaintive cries asked for help as plainly as could a human voice, that he felt as if he had committed a murder!

"We went through the bush to a high bluff about three miles distant, and here we came upon a whole family party of baboons at play. The young ones were sliding down a grassy slope, rolling over like great fur balls, chattering and gambolling like so many boys at play, which in the distance they so greatly resembled, that I could have declared they were children. One of the old ones was leaning on a stick watching the others. I wished for one of their thick skins to send home, but could not find the heart to shoot a baboon.

"It was a glorious night, so I pushed on for Simon's Bay, soliloquizing as I went. From boyhood upwards I had read every book on African travels from Mungo Park to Livingstone, and had longed to tread the wilds of Africa. Well, here was my dream realized, and the place had a perfect enchantment for me."

"The Cape of Good Hope, you know, Herbert, was formerly owned by the Dutch, and remained in their possession till the close of last century. In 1795 it was taken by Britain, but restored to Holland in 1802. In 1806 it again fell under British power and was confirmed to Britain by the peace of 1814. On the whole, it has been a troublesome colony, owing to the Caffre tribes, whose hostility to the settlers has been constant, burning their villages and plundering them of their cattle. This hostility was fed by the Dutch farmers, or Boers, as they are called, because of the hatred they entertained toward the British Government. There have been several wars to settle things, and a great deal of money has been spent by Britain before she could establish the peace now happily settled. Colonel Pike, I am glad to see, says:—

"The former feeling of ill-will between the Dutch and English has nearly died out in Cape Town, and is so greatly modified in the Provinces it is rarely met with; indeed, the young Dutchman's greatest pride is to speak English well and be dressed English fashion. The Dutch language in Cape Town, where spoken, is high Dutch, but in the remoter districts it is a vile mixture of low Dutch, Hottentot and bad English. From what I saw, Queen Victoria has few more loyal subjects than the descendants of the former possessors of the Cape of Good Hope. They are noted for hospitality, and as to the cleanliness and order of the houses of the Dutch, I cannot speak too highly in praise of them."

"But we shall never get to Mauritius if we go on at this rate, so I must pass over much that I should like to read you of this delightful book, and content myself by saying that the 'Monocacy,' which was all but lost in a terrible cyclone in the Indian Ocean, at last cast anchor on January 12th, at Port Louis, the capital and only city of Mauritius, and give you Colonel Pike's own words about it:

"The city of Port Louis lies in an extensive valley, and as we approached the Bell Buoy a glorious scene presented itself. In the far distance was the world-known Peter Botte Mountain; just behind the city rose the bold sweep of the mountain peak called the Ponce, to the height of 2,847 feet, wooded to its summit; to the east lay the gentle slopes of the Citadel Hill, bastion crowned; to the west, abrupt and rugged,

the steep cliff called Long Mountain Bluff, reared its signal-topped head, (whence vessels are seen and signaled far out at sea); all formed an *entourage* few cities can boast, and rendered it, when viewed from the sea, the most picturesque in the world.'

"I suppose distance lent enchantment to the view, for our author does not seem so pleased with a closer acquaintance, for he says:

"As I landed at the granite quay, well adapted for the traffic of this busy mart of the East, I was forcibly struck with the conglomerate appearance of the people and the jargon they spoke, Creoles and Coolies, Arabs, Cingalese, Malagash, Chinese and Malabars, all as eager as in other parts of the world to take the stranger in and carry him off body and baggage to the nearest hotel. We wended our way to the Hotel Univers, said to be the *best*, through a dirty, narrow street, where after passing a miserable night I rose at daybreak weary and sick. What with bugs, mosquitoes and cockroaches (to say nothing of centipedes, six inches long), the knocking about of billiard balls till late, and the loud laughter and gossiping of the colored servants, sleep was impossible. The mosquito curtains were not properly beaten, and whole families lay in wait for their unsuspecting victim; the cockroaches ate my clothes; the ants got into my trunks; lizards crept over the walls, and rats, bold as lions, were all over the house. "What a delightful place to live in!" I thought; "if this is a specimen of the *first* hotel in Mauritius, heaven bless those obliged to put up with the second and third class, which must contain vermin enough to destroy a regiment of soldiers."

"But we must take a little run into the market, where lots of tropical fruit are sold, such as bananas, cucoas, custard apples, mangoes, litchis, pines, limes, citrons, alligator pears, sack, papaws, pistachos, and a host of others our writer found too insipid or too sweet in comparison with those of temperate zones. Oranges were for sale, brought from the Cape, and apples in the ice ships from New York, and sold from sixpence to a shilling each. Colonel Pike says:

"This is a busy, bustling scene; every one must go or send to market every day for fresh provisions, and the bargaining on all sides, in the high-pitched voices of both Creoles and Indians, makes it a very Babel. Here sits a fine, buxom Malabar woman tempting you with her nice, fresh greeneries, and thankful if you spend only a half-penny. There sits a sulky fellow who growls and snaps at everybody. In one

corner a group of men and women chattering over some deficient sous; in solitary state apart sits another with a few shillings' worth of things before him or her, stolidly indifferent as to whether you buy or not. Large cages of native birds, particularly the pretty scarlet cardinals with their brown mates, love birds, and greenish yellow canaries that sing so sweetly, are sold for sixpence a pair. Beautiful foreign birds are frequently for sale, brought by sailors from the Brazils, Australia, India and New Guinea; but they fetch high prices. Behind the fruit stalls is a place set apart for dried provisions, sold mostly by Arabs, who expose their wares on the pavement in small sacks and strong Indian baskets. Beyond the Arabs is a long line of tables for bread, principally sold by Creoles. Still further back is a row of stalls kept entirely by young Malabars, of every conceivable thing in a small way. Then on the left hand come the meat stalls, where very fair beef may be had from five-pence to ten-pence a pound. Mutton is very dear; veal coarse and red, and pork, principally sold by Chinamen. Few English or French will eat the latter, as it is considered so unwholesome in a tropical climate; besides, the way of feeding pigs here makes one shudder. On the opposite side is the fish market, where a stream of water pours constantly over the sloping tables, so that the fish always look nice and fresh. I suppose no place in the world, can boast such a variety of fish, and many of them of such brilliant colors, that I can only compare them to the gorgeous plumaged birds of India or South America. Large sharks and other monsters are cut up in slices and sold to the Indians. The market or bazaar is well regulated, and under the supervision of inspectors, who examine everything before it is allowed to be offered for sale, and any article not perfectly fresh is condemned and confiscated.'

"Speaking of the shops in one part of the city, we read:—

"Nearly every shop in it is lit up at night, and I have often strolled up after dark, greatly amused watching the strange manners of the various races. All the Eastern nations are just as much addicted to story-telling as in the old days of Haro un al-Raschid, and in nearly every shop in the streets are groups eagerly listening to some one relating stories as marvellous as the Arabian Nights. Taken altogether, Port Louis is a quaint, old-fashioned place, and I fear it is not destined, at all events for some time to come, to be much modernized and improved. The depreciation of property in Port Louis has gone steadily on since the fever. The white population is deserting it for the healthier districts.

The Indians also must be compelled to conform to European habits of cleanliness, and utterly give up their own antagonistic ideas on the subject, before this city can be a desirable residence, in spite of its being the capital of the "gem of the East."

(To be continued.)

NOT BREAD ALONE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ONLY NED."

CHAPTER II.

MISS HELEN.

"More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of."

An arbor-vitæ hedge separated Mr. Lindsley's garden from the Parsonage lawn; through the hedge an arched gateway had been cut, and a rustic gate opened into Mr. Lindsley's home by front yard. A white dress had fluttered past this gate several times while Marion had been standing in her reverie with her hand on the wooden bolt. This white dress was always a signal of pleasant things to Marion; she moved towards the low gate and waited for the white dress to approach.

"Miss Helen, may I come?"

"Surely, Marion." The voice was as frank and clear as the face.

"Shall I trouble you?" asked Marion, hesitatingly.

"For the first time?" said Miss Helen.

"I hope the first time is a long way ahead," returned Marion, pushing the gate open.

"I am sure it is." The lady drew the girl's arm within hers and they walked up and down the long gravel walk several times before either spoke.

The white material fluttered over the brown gingham and laid against it. Marion looked down upon it and touched it. Miss Helen's life was like her dress, in Marion's eyes—rich, dainty, refined, finished,—while *her* life was like her dress, coarse and plain.

"Miss Helen, I can't understand how it is good for us not to have good things, can you?" she asked abruptly.

"No," answered Helen, gravely, "I can't understand that."

Marion smiled with a comprehending "oh." "But I mean the things I want," she added, doubtfully.

"That's another thing. Want good things, do you?"

"I do," was the reply with the strong undertone of wilfulness.

"Then be sure you will have them. The matter is all settled; if we seek good things we have the sure word of promise

that we shall have them." But the having depended upon what the good thing was!

Marion considered the thought during the silence that followed. Trudie Grey said that her cousin Helen's words were not many, but *much*.

"Marion, where is your 'knack at hopping?'"

"Dead, once in a while," was the quick response.

"So Eloise is coming Monday. I love that child."

"I wish I did," almost sighed Marion.

"Love is of God," said Helen, in her peculiarly happy voice.

Marion did not often make wordy replies. Helen had learned not to expect them, but her "yes" and "no" were always sufficiently expressive.

"Marion, I love to serve God's own little children."

Was the little sufferer that? She had been wishing that she might do something to manifest her love to Him, and had He called her to do this for Him? Ministering unto Him in this way would turn the irksomeness of summer into a continual delight.

"She has been counting upon coming all winter," said Marion.

"Her mother writes me that she believes she has given herself to Christ, not from her words, but she has grown gentle; she has lost all her fretfulness."

"It is a good thing!" exclaimed Marion.

"I hope it is true."

"Her hundred fold in this life is not given to her just as yours is, Marion."

"No," said Marion's low voice.

It was the minister's daughter who had led Marion to Christ. Marion had been for a year longing, hoping, striving and stumbling along a dark way; then Helen had taken her by the hand and led her into the light. Helen did not know this; Marion had laid it up to tell her some day. There was an idea afloat in Marion's mind that Miss Helen was one of the ministering spirits that God sends to comfort and help His little children, but she never dared to give this thought expression, for she knew how merry and human Miss Helen's laugh would be. Trudie Grey, who was always making similes, affirmed that Helen's laugh sounded like the laugh of a homesick child that had found her home.

"So Trudie's book is off," was Helen's next comment.

"I was thinking" — Marion stopped short. She was more unreserved with Miss Helen than with any one else, but it was not easy to speak of what she "was thinking."

"Well, *what* were you thinking?"

"It would hurt her so to have it refused. Do you think it would be queer, not right, to pray about it?"

"I think it would be queer *not* to pray about it, Marion. The thing we can't pray about must be *very* queer!"

"It seemed—I don't know how. Once an old minister stayed all night with us when father had a sick horse, and morning and night the old minister prayed that it might get well. I laughed then, it seemed so out of place, and it seems so now."

Marion had never seen Miss Helen's face so grave.

"I know she has sent it off asking His blessing. It is wrapped in an envelope of prayer."

"It's a *beautiful* story." Marion's voice was all alive now.

"It is certainly a pretty little thing; I am surprised at the finish of it. She might better have given it another year's work, but she was so impatient to try her wings that I hadn't the heart to insist upon it. I can't give people *hard* things to do. If this venture be successful, she says she shall be sure she has a special call to the work."

"Oh, I *hope* it will be!" cried Marion earnestly.

"Now, Marion, about the praying!" began Helen, after another pause; "it hurts me that you can misjudge our Father so."

"I didn't mean to do that," answered Marion, startled; "but books and pianos and every day things seem out of place in a prayer."

"Who says so? Does God?"

"I don't know," she returned slowly.

"I take God's words just as He speaks them. He speaks very plainly to us who are ignorant and fearful. Everything that concerns us can be made to honor God; we are His, and all that is ours—every breath we draw, every moment of our time. We don't have anything to do with things we can't pray about, Marion."

"I know that we may pray for the things that people pray for in church. I never heard any one pray for every-day things."

"Did you ever study the Bible about prayer?"

"Miss Helen, I know very little about the Bible."

"Don't you know that God loves to have us tell Him everything? He knows all about it before we open our lips to speak. Did He not make our human hearts? Did He not live on the earth with a human heart? Marion, we cannot be afraid of God when we think that He is Christ? A part of our happy hundred fold is living so close to Him that we may speak to Him at any and all times. If we do not love to, we are among those who do not belong to Him. Marion, we *honor* Him by telling Him about all that concerns us."

Marion knew that Miss Helen loved to honor Him; the only honor she sought for herself was to honor Him.

"He will not weary of us," Helen con-

tinued, with a glad tremor in her tones; "we can tell Him every day the same old story. Why, Marion, prayer is all that keeps our hearts from breaking when He lays His hand heavily upon us."

"Was prayer all this?" Marion wondered and was still.

"I speak to you of the things I *know*, not of what I have heard people say, not of what I have read. I am His witness of help He has given to me. I can witness that God has heard *me*."

Marion knew that it was pleasant to pray often; she truly enjoyed it; but of its power to comfort, to strengthen, to keep the heart from breaking, she had never thought.

"I know it is right to ask for forgiveness and to be made patient and unselfish, but I was afraid"—Her lips quivered; she essayed to go on, then looked down.

"I remember praying once about a tin pail," said Helen, a smile coming into her face.

"A tin pail" was the astonished echo.

"But before that, when I was seven years old, I heard Joanna say that some old lady was one of Christ's lambs. I didn't know what it meant, but I knew it must be some blessed thing, so that night when I said my prayers I asked God to make *me* one of Christ's lambs, and, if He would, to write my name in the New Testament, so that I might be sure of it."

Marion looked very much amused. "Did you look?" she enquired.

"I think I must have forgotten to look. I am glad my first prayer was *that*. I did not remember my prayer again for years, but all through the years the answer was coming. It was my first conscious turning to God."

For awhile they were both silent, still keeping measured tread back and forth upon the gravel walk. It was growing dark; the hedge was a mass of undistinguishable shapes, and the stars were shining out over their heads, yet they lingered, walking up and down, not breaking the silence that was as full as speech. The mere being near Miss Helen gave Marion strength.

"I think, Marion,"—Helen drew the girl's arm closer,— "that we lose much by not *remembering* all our lives. How much I should lose if I had forgotten that first prayer; God *means* something by His workings in us and for us. To see what He means is another part of our hundred fold. Marion, it will be because we shut our eyes if we do not enjoy *all* our hundred fold!" The light in Helen's eyes was happier than a smile.

"I'm afraid I shut my eyes to mine," said Marion, much troubled.

"Christ opens the eyes of the blind," spoke Helen, very low and tenderly. Then,

after a moment: "Alf has been in my mind all day; I *know* he is on the way home, Marion. I often think he will come before the next Saturday night."

"What a good Saturday night that will be!" said Marion, fervently. "Miss Helen, I know just how you expect him; for I have Will."

At that moment Marion could have borne with ten fretful children for Will's sake, and worked for him till strength failed. After this she would ask God to send Miss Helen's brother back to her.

"I drove father out this morning, and we drove past Alf's farm. If he could only know that it is waiting for him. Grandpa little thought it would be so many years before Alf would come back to claim his legacy. It is a good thing that we may live by the day, Marion," added Helen seriously; she seldom spoke sadly.

"I hope Eloise will come," was Marion's next remark; "and two hours ago I was crying about it."

"Marion! Marion!" called Will from the other side of the hedge. "Where are you, Marion?"

"Will is always calling you," said Helen. "It is pleasant to be called."

"So it is," replied Marion, thinking of Miss Helen's runaway brother; "good night, Miss Helen."

"Good night, Marion; come again."

Marion opened the gate wondering why it was that Miss Helen always was glad for her to "come again."

CHAPTER III.

A NEW PLAN.

"In the mutest of my house
I will have my chamber,
Silence at the door shall use
Evening's light of amber:
Solemnizing every mood,
Softening in degree,
Turning sadness into good,
As I turn the key."

Helen Chase had known much sorrow. In years past, burdens so weighty had been laid upon her, that had not He who laid them upon her held her by the hand, she could not have lifted herself up. Now she bore only the burden that Christ calls "light." If she had known sorrow, she knew also what it was to be comforted of God.

Often in the years past, she had bowed herself before Him with the cry: "Oh, God, *why* dost Thou let me be hurt so?"

The answer had been coming through the days of all the years, but not till to-night were her eyes opened that she might see it. The words ran before her eyes, they sounded in her ears: "*Tell the girls about prayer.*"

"Can I? Am I wise enough?" she asked, trembling.

"Wisdom is the gift of God," said the voice in her heart.

Helen believed that the Father had taken up His abode in her heart; was this suggestion the whisper of His Spirit? If it were, something would come of it; He would not let His words fall to the ground.

She took very slow steps towards the house, untying the cord of her breakfast shawl. Was this one of the reasons why she had been taught of God? Was this good thing to be a part of her hundred fold?

The door of her chamber stood ajar as she had left it. The chamber was wide and high as were all the apartments in the new Parsonage, with the one exception of Helen's sitting-room. The minister had built the new Parsonage fifteen years ago when his only brother had died, bequeathing to him the whole of his large fortune. The wide, airy house was in strong contrast to the cozy little Parsonage where Helen and Alf had spent their childhood; she had never been lonely in the old Parsonage, but then Alf was with her, but now, in looking over all the earth, she could not find the spot where he was lodged. if indeed he were lodged anywhere on the earth.

She stood on the threshold of her chamber looking into the spacious, handsome room that, despite the encouragement that had just been given her, looked large and lonely. Would the Parsonage always be as empty as it was to-night?—empty with every luxury that it held, empty with her father inside his bolted door!

She had furnished her room anew upon her recovery from her two years' illness, hoping that the change would turn aside in a degree the current of her thoughts, for her room had been always open to Alf in the old time. She was strong now, stronger than she had been before Alf went away, and including always her father and her work in his parish, her life was busy in its outward doings, and a more busy one in the life she lived within herself. She had lived with God in the long seclusion of her chamber; she lived with Him now through all the full days of home and village work. The thing she most feared was being drawn away from Him. I think this reconciled her more than anything else to one loss—was it a loss? to the withdrawal, rather—of a gift that she had considered His gift. But His gifts are always "good and perfect." She had asked of God, and He had not given her; now she knew that it was not "bread" that she had asked; she had thought it bread, but now He had led her nearer Him, and she turned away from it as from the influence that would lead her from God.

If He had answered her as she had asked, He would have given her a stone.

In this prayerful life were two specific objects for which, like Paul, she prayed "exceedingly" and "night and day."

One petition was for the coming home of her brother—the return to his father on the earth and his Father in heaven. The other—and no one knew of this but God, who loves to listen to interceding prayer—was that an old and dear friend might be led to believe in God. For these, her faith never wavered or faltered. He who had promised to answer the cries of His children, was the promise-fulfilling, unchangeable One.

Not only did her words and tears rise up before Him, but her life in its asking nights and days was all one importunity.

More than an hour she sat musing with her hair unbraided and falling in chestnut waves over her shoulders; then she arose and brushed it out with quick strokes, with some trembling of the fingers, however, for her thought had not formed itself into a plan without some inward disturbance.

But first she must kneel and ask her Father about it, for how could she begin any new thing without His counsel and approval! After kneeling for some time she arose with a soft and bright smile in her eyes.

"Without His commission nothing stirs." She lighted the lamps in the chandelier, for she loved to have her room bright, and opened her desk to write four notes.

Two were longer than the others; these two were addressed to Trudie Grey and Agnes Lucerne. Trudie's ran as follows:

"*Saturday Evening, May 15.*

"MY DEAR TRUDIE:

"A new and pleasant thought has just been sent to me. Pleasant and helpful thoughts are always being sent to me. This thought is to help you as well as me, and Josie and Marion as well as you and me. God has been *meaning* it a long time, and I have just found it out. Marion made a remark to-night that showed me how little she understands about prayer. Perhaps some others are as much in the dark as she is. I was once. I am not wise now, but I do know what God has taught. I am thankful that He kept His hand upon me till I thought of Him, forgetting all other dependencies. I want you to help me, you are always helping me, Trudie. I was desponding for a minute and a half to-night. It is worth

while to be *down* for the sake of being lifted up. I have written to Marion and Josie, asking them to take tea with me Wednesday afternoon, and have a talk about prayer. I hereby invite you also. I know you will come. Come early. Perhaps you may suggest something; I am always open to suggestions. Your little book gives my heart a warm feeling. What better thing can I desire for you than that you may work for God? Don't worry your anxious heart about it, you have done *your* part. Don't you know the promise given to two who agree?

"COUSIN HELEN."

Agnes Lucerne's letter closed with this paragraph:

"I am looking forward to vacation. I know your throat is tired enough to-night. I hope you are asleep while I am writing, with your precious little Con cuddled close to you. Agnes, dear, you never will know how glad your letter made me. You have belonged to Jesus this long time, but you thought it too good to believe. The three years in the Walnut Grove school-room have been good for you, but another six months will be too much for you. Love yourself a little for Con's sake. Expect me soon. A kiss to Con. Truly your friend,

"HELEN."

Helen closed her desk and laid the four notes in their white envelopes on the table. Agnes Lucerne's she would give to Miss Sheffrid, who was spending Saturday and Sunday at Sunny Plains.

In the early Sabbath hours restful sleep came to her. No more comforting benediction could she have than this: "Do all that is in thine heart, *for God is with thee.*"

(To be Continued.)

BIBLE RIDDLE.

A name of the Saviour by prophet foretold—a Son
whom a Virgin should bear?

A name of Jehovah in vision set forth—his eternity
meant to declare?

A name of the Christ, to a prophet revealed in answer
to penitent prayer?

The initials arrange, and clearly you see God's name
to his servant made known,
When demanding a Name his brethren should fear,
and himself as God's messenger own.

The Home.

LEONETTA.

Leonetta writes for advice. She is twenty-seven years old, five feet five inches high, weighing one hundred and five pounds—not at all desirable proportions. Though her brow is clear, the corners of her eyes begin to show marks of time, and the skin of her face looks a fraction too loose. This was owing to sickness during the larger part of her life, but on going to a better climate her health grew tolerably good. It is her habit to take daily baths with soap, but she finds the pores of her face coarse, and her looks unsatisfactory. She wishes to know what she shall do to recover the lost youth of which she has been defrauded.

A young person shows courage in opening such a suit, for Time is a rapacious and hard-hearted creditor, from whom it is not easy to replevin looks and spirits. But even Time is no match for a woman's wit, and if Leonetta uses her share of it, she may yet scoff at the spoiler for more years than he has kept her out of her own.

Half sadly she asks whether she is to class herself as young or middle-aged, for the burden of ill health more than experience makes one feel old. She is not to call herself middle-aged for ten years to come—or shall it be said till forty? One certainly is not to be called old till sixty. The bloom on both cheek and spirit is what makes youth, and till this is gone one does not seem old to any but children.

A person whose height is five feet five ought to weigh one hundred and twenty-five pounds at least, and twenty-five more would not be too much for gracefully rounded lines. The skin hangs loosely when there is no flesh under it, of course. Possible Leonetta's thinness and her coarse complexion proceed from the same cause—improper food and imperfect digestion. It is not the amount she eats, but what she digests, that tells on her condition.

Now the digestion—that is, the good that food does—depends on quantity, quality, and variety. Some food is excellent of its kind, but is not what the body needs and the appetite craves. Boiled beef and light pot-pie and corn-starch pudding may be very nice in themselves, but when a nervous, overwrought system longs for

cooling acids to allay the feverishness within, and for the strong juices of roast meat well savored with herbs and condiments that gently soothe and stimulate, this wholesome dinner might be half thrown away for the good it will do. The American, with a cool climate and constant work, needs the best feeding in the world to supply force to brain and hand. The complaint most people make of their food is that it lacks seasoning, which shows that precisely those elements are left out which feed the nerves, correct the bile, and strengthen the blood. Indigestion springs not so much from things that taste good, the flavors with lemon, tarragon, thyme, bay leaf, and clove, from the brown roasts and piquant fish dressings, the salads and dressings, which mightily feed and develop both brain and heart, as it does from the soupçon of sourness in the slack-baked loaf, from the watery potato ready in the warmth of the stomach to ferment like yeast, from the tough or dry meat, and the indifferent pastry. Things taste good because they are good for the body, and the appetite in nine cases out of ten is an unerring purveyor. So Leonetta must provide herself with plenty of the most tempting food, and coax her appetite with what it likes best. Perhaps she will fancy one particular relish, and nothing else. If so, let her make her living of it, no matter if it is coddled apples, mince-pie, grape jam, giblet soup, or chicken dressing. Very likely she needs the acids, or the oils, or the spice to correct some morbid secretion, and when things are set right the appetite will turn with new vigor to other food. Some kinds of diet produce fat sooner than others—brown-bread and milk, for instance, or baked potatoes and broiled steak. Sweet things, if there is a liking for them, readily induce flesh, but no mortal ever was known to gain either flesh or strength on unpalatable food.

Hygienic diet is either the best or the worst in the world. The Hottentot with his baked locust is preferable as a host to the semi-dyspeptic with his stewed apples and Graham muffins. Nothing is so nice and difficult to prepare as simple food, for every thing depends on the cooking, as there are no spices to disguise it. The favorite muffins of Graham flour are a crowning test of a cook's skill. These "gems," as senti-

mental reformers have christened them, are probably so called from their hardness, one suggests, while gnawing away at their tough crust and pastry inside. If stirred up after the oven is very hot, beaten three minutes, and set in hot pans, thinly filled to catch the most powerful heat next to burning, they will come out brown, sweet and fragrant enough to tempt an epicure. But if the pans are too full, or the heat a degree too low, or there is a slight delay before the oven is ready, there is nothing more soggy and indigestible than these "gems." So with those simplest affairs gruel and mush. The saucepan or porringer must be delicately nice, the quality of the meal good, the soupçon of salt exact, the water boiling hard as the meal or grits go in, and kept boiling, the longer the better. These are preparations which nobody but a lady can make rightly, so much refinement and judgment are needed for their perfection.

More than one person has written to know what is meant by the term *coarse* food. It is not a word of disparagement, but quite the reverse. It means unbolted flour, grits, oatmeal, buckwheat, corn, and rye meal. A very large part of people's food consists of flour in some shape, and this should contain the best of the grain. Fine flour is only the starch of the wheat, which creates fat in some degree, but does not give strength. Every kernel consists of three parts—the hull, which does not nourish at all, the starch in the centre, which is partly nutritious, and the gluten, between the two, which furnishes brain and muscle power. For a weak prejudice in favor of white bread, half Christendom throws away the best of its wheat. White bread is really so poor in nourishment that children fed largely on it are sure to be weak and pale, and if fed wholly with it, they would waste and starve to death. But brown flour is rich in what makes flesh and strength—richer, indeed, than any other kind of food. By a new process coming generally into use the hull of wheat is removed before grinding, which leaves the valuable part for use in various forms. The crushed white wheat sold by grocers is one of the best articles, as all disagreeable parts of the grain are left out, and when boiled a long time (speaking only as gourmards, and without a spark of hygienic enthusiasm), this breakfast dish may be called delicious. The best bread, in point of taste, is baked next the fire, or in brick or cast-iron ovens, by which a greater degree of heat attacks the dough, and transforms it into richer sweetness than the common way of baking. As country people say, it takes the sweetness of the fire. At West Point, some years ago—perhaps it is so now—part of the bread was baked in pans, the rest directly on the brick floor of the oven; and the

brick loaves were so much better on this account that the cadets used to draw lots for them when rations were served. Many an officer will remember this difference. The sweetness of the corn cake of our forefathers, and of the far-famed scones of Scotland, was due to baking them on hot stones or boards just before the fire where its heat was strongest. Coarse flour food, whether well boiled or baked, is certain of pleasing the palate.

Women of intelligence share the preference for a coarse and perfect diet to which the upper classes of England owe their fine development of muscle and marble complexions. It will not do to live on any one article, however wholesome; and it is firmly believed that a variety of well-flavored food is indispensable to the best condition of mind and body. Leonetta may make her cracked wheat into the old English frumenty by boiling it with spices, almonds, raisins, and sugar, cooking it not less than three hours. If she is a teacher, or uses her brain much, barley, in soups and cakes, should form a frequent part of her fare, with as much salmon, oysters, lobster, beef, mutton, venison, and game as she can eat, because these things feed the brain and nerves. Oatmeal is especially good to supply strength and nervous force, but it is generally cooked so as to be uneatable by persons of delicate tastes. Beans also create flesh and brain power, but it takes a French cook to make them acceptable to everybody. If Leonetta wishes for piquant vegetables, let her cook them till nearly done, and finish in strong gravy or soup stock, instead of dressing them with the melted butter that is the sole sauce known to American cooks, unless pork fat is reckoned. But let her be shy of fats in every shape, if she wants to be rid of the large pores in her face, which are oil glands filled to their utmost with secretion. Fat never made healthy flesh in a temperate climate. The juice of meats, cream (if she can eat it), cheese, and the nitrogen of coarse food will provide all the heat and force needed by the body. And this regimen is the only means of strengthening the blood, as it is called—that is, supplying it with the elements of muscular and nervous strength which the little veins drink continually as it courses in its round. She must eat as much of these good things as she has an appetite for, and to get an appetite she must work as much as possible in the air and sun. This is the ring of an old story, but observation only convinces one of the great need of repeating it. It is astonishing how busily a woman may be occupied in active work about her house, and yet hardly feel the direct rays of the sun ten minutes a day. Houses are not built to secure ample sunshine. Even in the country,

where there is no crowding of houses to cut off the light, the bedrooms and pantries will be on the south side of a dwelling, and the living-rooms look to the north, or their windows will be overhung by porches too low to let the sun creep in, save at its rising and setting. The want of proper food and of sunshine is the cause of three-fourths of the nervous ailments of women. Overwork is not the cause. Work, and hard work, too, is the lot of every woman who has a right to look on her life with complaisance, and she would be prepared for it by nature's kindly efficiency, if food, sunlight and exercise were daily allowed their effect. If women gave their bodies the same care that they do their best gowns, they would come up to the standard of their work. They ought to be nearly as strong as men, with a finer and more supple strength, it is true, but the difference should not be the immense disparagement to women that it is. What they want is muscle, not fat, on their meagre limbs, which ought to be slender, graceful, and full of nerve as those of an Arab courser. Perhaps in finding roundness of figure and clearness of complexion they may find strength; and who shall say that these things do not lie together? Sunshine and air ripen and freshen the cheeks of women as they do fruit in orchards. If Leonetta will, like Englishwomen, spend four and five hours a day in the open air, in such exercise as she can bear, she will find her spirits and color revive as brightly as she can wish.—"*Ugly Girls' Papers*," in *Harper's Bazar*.

ECONOMY OF STRENGTH.

"Well, that is what I call downright laziness—sitting down to pare potatoes!" said good, resolute Aunt Eliza, as she saw Amy seated by the kitchen table, preparing potatoes for dinner.

"O! no, Aunt; not a bit of it; it is only economy of strength! I don't believe in wearing one's self out unnecessarily. If my feet ache from doing the morning's work, why not rest them when my hands can move as swiftly sitting as standing? I am only 'killing two birds with one stone.' When I go to house-keeping you will find all sorts of contrivances in my kitchen for making hard work easy;" and Amy laughed merrily at the expression on Aunt Eliza's face.

She took a philosophical view of woman's work, and I could not help contrasting her rosy cheeks and plump figure with the pale face and stooping form of the critic, who had the reputation of being the smartest woman in the neighborhood. She was fast wasting her energies by doing everything the hardest way, just because she

fancied that industry and neatness are task-masters who tolerate no bodily indulgence.

The young girl's theory and practice were so sensible that I was inclined to urge their adoption whenever the varied labors devolving either on mistress or maid seem to demand careful expenditure of physical strength.

I have no more sympathy for genuine laziness than Aunt Eliza had. I believe in doing work well, and, if possible, in season, but not at the expense of the vital forces, which ought to last us an average lifetime of moderate labor.

Household details are so numerous and complicated that the mother of a family is often obliged to attend to many of them at once, and she ought to learn how to mingle the lesser tasks with the greater, so that one set of muscles is resting while another is called into action. In this way some intervals of comparative rest can be secured, and the work move along more to the purpose than if there were no partial breaks in the endless chain from morning till night.

For instance, if pies or apple sauce are to be made, when the breakfast dishes are washed sit down to prepare the apples; and it will not infringe our code of domestic by-laws if you should happen to mix the pie-crust also while sitting, for rolling it out and finishing the pies will be more easily done after this brief rest.

When the coffee is to be browned it is well to give that process close attention, though sometimes mending stockings or reading will not interfere very much with the roasting, if one eye is kept on the oven.

In many homes the washing machine has shorn Monday of half of its discomforts, but genius has not rescued us from the thralldom of ironing day; so here necessity becomes the "mother of invention." We find a board like those used for ironing dresses and skirts, furnished with four legs just long enough to come over the lap, is very convenient. On this one can iron all small articles, and, if necessary, even shirts and large garments, though not quite so rapidly as at the table, and the change of posture, for a short time even, is a relief when there is a large ironing to do.

Cutting garments on a table is tiresome work, and the ironing-bench can be used for this purpose; but a lap-board is better. It should be about three feet in width, with a half-circle cut out on one side to fit the form. After a few hours of hard work in the kitchen the weary housewife will appreciate the advantage of being able to prepare garments for the sewing-machine without extra fatigue.

Perhaps a healthy, energetic woman might despise these simple expedients for lifting heavy burdens; but in time even she may have ample need for some strength

held in reserve; while there are thousands of feeble women who gratefully accept any suggestions that will, in the least, lessen their labors. If they do the best they can there will be many wide gaps in the course of the year which they cannot fill; and without wishing to be misunderstood, or to appear as an advocate for sloth and "inglorious ease," I believe that the ambitious wife and mother who does the most of her own work, is more apt to do too much than too little. She can well afford to economize strength and preserve health, thereby securing more time for her mental culture, and retaining the ability to wisely superintend the moral and physical education of her children.—*Ruth Lee, in Moore's Rural.*

WINTER BOUQUETS.

Those flowers known as "everlasting," of which the *Helichrysums* and *Rhodanthes* are examples, have petals of a papery texture, and when these are cut early and dried properly, they form pleasing winter bouquets. So grasses, both cultivated and wild, if dried in the shade and made up in a tasteful manner, form acceptable room decorations, as do dried ferns and skeletonized leaves. Within a few years baskets, bouquets, and floral designs, have been imported in considerable quantities, and though these are largely made up of everlasting flowers, yet they contain other flowers of their natural colors. So also large bunches and bouquets of grasses, dyed, of all sorts of unnatural colors, even to black, are offered by the dealers. There is no subject upon which we have had more frequent enquiries, than upon the preservation of flowers, and especially the coloring and crystallizing of grasses. The two leading methods of treating flowers (excepting the so-called everlastings), to dry them in their natural form and colors, is by the use of sulphurous acid, and by drying in sand. As the last-named method is a very old one, and is likely to be more generally known than the other, we give the sulphur process first. When sulphur is burned, the well-known suffocating fumes of sulphurous acid (SO_2) are produced; the bleaching properties of this are well known, it being used for whitening straw, and other materials; it also has the property of preventing the decay of vegetable substances, and it has been found that certain flowers, after they have been thoroughly exposed to the sulphur fumes, will dry and preserve their proper forms, and though the action of the sulphur destroys their colors, these will be after awhile for the most part regained. The apparatus required for this operation is very simple—a tight box, with an arrangement for suspending the flowers, and a vessel to hold

a few coals upon which the sulphur is burned. Any box, if sufficiently large and tight, will answer. One about three feet each way is best for large operations, but one only two feet square will answer. If not tight, the box must be made so by pasting paper over every crack and opening, as the success of the operation depends upon confining the sulphur fumes as closely as possible. The whole top of the box may open, in which case it may be necessary to place a damp cloth between the edges of the box and the lid, and weight the lid down with stones to make a close joint. Cleats are nailed to the inside of the box, an inch or two below the edge, upon which rest the ends of light sticks, upon which to hang the flowers. The flowers are tied together in bunches of two to four, according to their size; then each two bunches are tied together in such a manner that they can be hung upon the cross-sticks. Having prepared the flowers, and placed them on the sticks, they are ready for the sulphur. Any old iron vessel will answer for a fire-pan, or a flower-pot, with its hole plugged up, and half or more filled with ashes, will answer as well as anything. Put some live charcoal in the fire-pan, set it in the box, and drop upon it some lumps of roll-sulphur. An ounce, or a little more, is sufficient. As soon as the sulphur is on fire, the box must be closed. If the box is perfectly tight, the oxygen of the air will be all consumed, and combustion checked, before a sufficient quantity of sulphur-fumes have been formed; to guard against this, an inch hole is to be bored in the box near the bottom, and another in the top; these are to have corks fitted into them, by which they can be closed at will. After the box is shut, these holes are left open eight or ten minutes, by which time the box will be well filled, and the corks may be put in place. The box, thus closed, is allowed to stand for twenty-four hours. When opened, the flowers will be found to be bleached and white; they are then taken out, and hung up in a dry, shaded, well ventilated room. The flowers thus prepared are said to keep for any length of time, provided the air is dry; hence in damp weather the room where they are hung must be closed. When the flowers are removed from the box, they resume their proper colors, some in a few hours, and others require several days. The following flowers have been found suited to this process: China Asters; Larkspurs, especially the dark-blue ones; Fuchsias, the well-developed buds making better specimens than the open flowers; roses, the double, well-filled sorts, except white; goldenrods, all the yellow ones; spiræas, all the red flowering ones; the white *Xeranthemum annuum*, which, though an everlasting, does not dry pure white, unless

treated with sulphur. This list will, no doubt, be considerably enlarged.

We may state here with reference to everlasting flowers, that they should be cut before they fully expand, and tied in bunches not large enough to crowd one another out of shape, and be hung, head downward, in an airy room to dry.

The grasses can be dried as they come into perfection during the season, as they are always dried preparatory to coloring and crystallizing. Many of our native grasses are well worth looking after.—*American Agriculturist.*

THE "GOOD OLD WAY."

"When I was young I never talked in the presence of my elders unless I was first addressed," says Mr. Oldschool, severely, trying to carry on an interesting conversation which is perpetually interrupted by the questions and demands of his grandchildren.

"In my young days I was taught to rise when older persons entered the room, and remain standing until they were seated," says Madam Oldschool, as she sees Tommy in her easy chair and Jimmy sprawled on the sofa, while their toys encumber every available place in the room.

"Those old-fashioned ways were so harsh," sighs Mrs. Honeybell, sweetly. "Such repression must have repelled children from their parents very much. Now, I believe in the utmost freedom. Let the dear children be natural, be themselves, in fact, and not hamper them with forms and ceremonies."

We applaud the sweet utterance and smile patronizingly at the customs so very antiquated now. But it may be a question if the good old times which the grandfathers deplore, and at which the grandchildren sneer, were not at least as good as the new ones in which we are living. In letting the little dears "be themselves" so freely, we are also letting them be little plagues to our neighbors and friends, often, and it may be a question if that is altogether praiseworthy.

In those days the boys took off their hats to every stranger who passed the school-house, and regarded the minister as possessing superhuman authority and dignity, to be encountered with fear and trembling.

In these days the stranger is likely to be jeered at, and the minister to find his mildest advances receiving saucy replies.

Then children had rigidly to be seen and not heard; now they are in danger of being both seen and heard to the entire exclusion of every one else.

Not to cheapen words over the trite complaint that the rising generation is the fall-

ing one in morals, manners, and health, and not to slander the young from whom we hope so much and of whom we are all secretly so proud, let us consider if there is not an old-time element sadly lacking in the training of to-day.

By all means let the children have freedom of body and soul, in all ways win their loving confidence, and encourage their happy natures. But let us teach them the good manners born of consideration for the comfort of others and respect to their elders, and not fear that they will suffer in the learning.

By all means let baby join in the social Sunday sing, and when he screams at the top of his voice regardless of time or tune but happy in the belief that he is helping on the melody of the older people, do not smile nor frown him down. But when he has done this once or twice, explain to him that now he must keep still; must take his turn to listen and let the others have the music their way. He will understand and be docile if skilfully treated, and you will not have indulged baby at the expense of the enjoyment of all the circle, or have quenched his little zeal unduly, but you will have dealt justly by all.

When visitors come let little daughter take some part in the conversation and enlist sympathy in her small interests, but teach her that she is not to monopolize the talk, and that during part of the visit she is to be silent and unobtrusive. Your guests will thank you, and little daughter will be none the worse; she will indeed take on polish more easily, when you begin to be anxious to see her "appear well in society," and win admiration as a "young lady."

There need be no cruel repression of a child's nature because he is early taught to say, "sir," and "ma'am," "thank you," and "if you please;" because he rises at the approach of an older person, does not interrupt you more than twice in a minute, or drum on the piano while you talk, or examine your guests' garments, or swing in and out on the half-open door.

It was a wise and loving mother who used to say "Good manners and a good time never need be separated," and "Politeness never hinders happiness." There were no happier or more frolicsome little folk than hers to be found in the town, even if the neighbors did use to say it was "always pleasant to call there, her children were so pretty behaved."

Implicit obedience and politeness to others were the rules they were nurtured on along with their earliest bread and butter; and they have lived long enough to bless her for it, and to look back with pleasure on a peculiarly sunny childhood.

If the old times were too rigid the new ones are too lax. If it is painful to see a family where the young ones are kept down

and restrained and harshly trained, it is uncomfortable to see one where their pleasure and freedom and naturalness are made the harassing of all the elders, the burden of every guest.

A child need not be naughty, ill-tempered, or wilful to become a small pest to the house. He can be it if he is simply ill-mannered and regardless of others' rights.

Politeness never hinders happiness, and both may be secured more cheaply than we are accustomed to expect, if we would only make the needful small effort to make both grow in the easy soil of childish natures.—*Christian Weekly.*

FOOD FOR THE SICK.

I will mention one or two of the most common errors among women in charge of sick respecting sick diet. One is the belief that beef tea is the most nutritive of all articles. Now, just try and boil down a pound of beef into beef tea, evaporate your beef tea, and see what is left of your beef. You will find that there is barely a teaspoonful of solid nourishment to half a pint of water in beef tea;—nevertheless there is a certain reparative quality in it, we do not know what, as there is in tea;—but it may safely be given in almost any inflammatory disease, and is as little to be depended upon with the healthy or convalescent where much nourishment is required. Again, it is an ever ready saw that an egg is equivalent to a pound of meat,—whereas it is not at all so. Also, it is seldom noticed with how many patients, particularly of nervous or bilious temperament, eggs disagree. All puddings made with eggs are distasteful to them in consequence. Again, if the patient has attained to eating meat, it is supposed that to give him meat is the only thing needful for his recovery; whereas scorbutic sores have been actually known to appear among sick persons living in the midst of plenty in England, which could be traced to no other source than this, viz.: that the nurse, depending on meat alone, had allowed the patient to be without vegetables for a considerable time, these latter being so badly cooked that he always left them untouched. Arrowroot is another grand dependence of the nurse. As a restorative quickly prepared, it is all very well. But it is nothing but starch and water. Flour is both more nutritive, and less liable to ferment, and is preferable wherever it can be used.

Again, milk and the preparations from milk, are a most important article of food for the sick. Butter is the lightest kind of animal fat, and though it wants the sugar and some of the other elements which there

are in milk, yet it is most valuable both in itself and in enabling the patient to eat more bread. Flour, oats, groats, barley, and their kind, are, as we have already said, preferable in all their preparations to all the preparations of arrowroot, sago, tapioca, and their kind. Cream, in many long chronic diseases, is quite irreplaceable by any other article whatever. It seems to act in the same manner as beef tea, and to most it is much easier of digestion than milk. In fact, it seldom disagrees. Cheese is not usually digestible by the sick, but it is pure nourishment for repairing waste; and I have seen sick, and not a few either, whose craving for cheese shewed how much it was needed by them.

In the diseases produced by bad food, such as scorbutic dysentery and diarrhoea, the patient's stomach often craves for and digests things, some of which certainly would be laid down in no dietary that ever was invented for sick, and especially not for such sick. These are fruit, pickles, jams, gingerbread, fat of ham or bacon, suet, cheese, butter, milk. These cases I have seen not by ones, nor by tens, but by hundreds. And the patient's stomach was right and the book was wrong. The articles craved for, in these cases, might have been principally arranged under the two heads of fat and vegetable acids.

But, if fresh milk is so valuable a food for the sick, the least change or sourness in it, makes it, of all articles perhaps, the most injurious; diarrhoea is a common result of fresh milk allowed to become at all sour. The nurse therefore ought to exercise her utmost care in this.

In laying down rules of diet, by the amounts of "solid nutriment" in different kinds of food, it is constantly lost sight of what the patient requires to repair his waste, what he can take and what he can't. You cannot diet a patient from a book, you cannot make up the human body as you would make up a prescription,—so many parts "carboniferous," so many parts "nitrogenous" will constitute a perfect diet for the patient. The nurse's observation here will materially assist the doctor—the patient's "fancies" will materially assist the nurse. For instance, sugar is one of the most nutritive of all articles, being pure carbon, and is particularly recommended in some books. But the vast majority of all patients in England, young and old, male and female, rich and poor, hospital and private, dislike sweet things,—and while I have never known a person take to sweets when he was ill who disliked them when he was well, I have known many fond of them when in health, who in sickness would leave off anything sweet, even to sugar in tea,—sweet puddings, sweet drinks, are their aversion; the furred tongue almost always likes what is sharp or pungent.

Scorbutic patients are an exception, they often crave for sweetmeats and jams.

Jelly is another article of diet in great favor with nurses and friends of the sick; even if it could be eaten solid, it would not nourish, but it is simply the height of folly to take $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of gelatine and make it into a certain bulk by dissolving it in water and then to give it to the sick, as if the mere bulk represented nourishment. It is now known that jelly does not nourish, that it has a tendency to produce diarrhœa,—and to trust to it to repair the waste of a diseased constitution is simply to starve the sick under the guise of feeding them. If 100 spoonfuls of jelly were given in the course of the day, you would have given one spoonful of gelatine, which spoonful has no nutritive power whatever.

And, nevertheless, gelatine contains a large quantity of nitrogen, which is one of the most powerful elements in nutrition; on the other hand, beef tea may be chosen as an illustration of great nutrient power in sickness, co-existing with a very small amount of solid nitrogenous matter.

Dr. Christison says that "every one will be struck with the readiness with which" certain classes of "patients will often take diluted meat juice or beef tea repeatedly, when they refuse all other kinds of food." This is particularly remarkable in "cases of gastric fever, in which," he says, "little or nothing else besides beef tea or diluted meat juice" has been taken for weeks or even months, "and yet a pint of beef tea contains scarcely $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. of anything but water;"—the result is so striking that he asks what is its mode of action? "Not simply nutrient— $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. of the most nutritive material cannot nearly replace the daily wear and tear of the tissues in any circumstances. Possibly," he says, "it belongs to a new denomination of remedies."

It has been observed that a small quantity of beef tea added to other articles of nutrition augments their power out of all proportion to the additional amount of solid matter.

The reason why jelly should be innutritious and beef tea nutritious to the sick, is a secret yet undiscovered, but it clearly shows that careful observation of the sick is the only clue to the best dietary.

Chemistry has as yet afforded little insight into the dieting of sick. All that chemistry can tell us is the amount of "carboniferous" or "nitrogenous" elements discoverable in different dietetic articles. It has given us lists of dietetic substances, arranged in the order of their richness in one or other of these principles; but that is all. In the great majority of cases, the stomach of the patient is guided by other principles of selection than merely the amount of carbon or nitrogen in the diet. No doubt, in this as in other things, nature has very

definite rules for her guidance, but these rules can only be ascertained by the most careful observation at the bedside. She there teaches us that living chemistry, the chemistry of reparation, is something different from the chemistry of the laboratory.

Again, the nutritive power of milk and of the preparations from milk, is very much undervalued; there is nearly as much nourishment in half a pint of milk as there is in a quarter of a pound of meat. But this is not the whole question or nearly the whole. The main question is what the patient's stomach can assimilate or derive nourishment from, and of this the patient's stomach is the sole judge. Chemistry cannot tell this. The patient's stomach must be its own chemist. The diet which will keep the healthy man healthy, will kill the sick one. The same beef which is the most nutritive of all meat and which nourishes the healthy man, is the least nourishing of all food to the sick man, whose half-dead stomach can *assimilate* no part of it, that is, make no food out of it. On a diet of beef tea healthy men on the other hand speedily lose their strength.

I have known patients live for many months without touching bread, because they could not eat baker's bread. These were mostly country patients, but not all. Home-made bread or brown bread is a most important article of diet for many patients. The use of aperients may be entirely superseded by it. Oat cake is another.

To watch for the opinions, then, which the patient's stomach gives, rather than to read "analyses of foods," is the business of all those who have to settle what the patient is to eat—perhaps the most important thing to be provided for him after the air he is to breathe.

Now the medical man who sees the patient only once a day, or even only once or twice a week, cannot possibly tell this without the assistance of the patient himself, or of those who are in constant observation on the patient. The utmost the medical man can tell is whether the patient is weaker or stronger at this visit than he was at the last visit. I should therefore say that incomparably the most important office of the nurse, after she has taken care of the patient's air, is to take care to observe the effect of his food, and report it to the medical attendant.

It is quite incalculable the good that would certainly come from such *sound* and close observation in this almost neglected branch of nursing, or the help it would give to the medical man.

A great deal too much against tea is said by wise people, and a great deal too much of tea is given to the sick by foolish people. When you see the natural and almost universal craving in English sick for their "tea," you cannot but feel that nature knows

what she is about. But a little tea or coffee restores them quite as much as a great deal, and a great deal of tea and especially of coffee impairs the little power of digestion they have. Yet a nurse, because she sees how one or two cups of tea or coffee restores her patient, thinks that three or four cups will do twice as much. This is not the case at all; it is however certain that there is nothing yet discovered which is a substitute to the English patient for his cup of tea; he can take it when he can take nothing else, and he often can't take anything else if he has it not. I should be very glad if any of the abusers of tea would point out what to give to an English patient after a sleepless night, instead of tea. If you give it at 5 or 6 o'clock in the morning, he may even sometimes fall a sleep after it, and get perhaps his only two or three hours' sleep during the twenty-four. At the same time you never should give tea or coffee to the sick, as a rule, after 5 o'clock in the afternoon. Sleeplessness in the early night is from excitement generally and is increased by tea or coffee; sleeplessness which continues to the early morning is from exhaustion often, and is relieved by tea. The only English patients I have ever known refuse tea, have been typhus cases, and the first sign of their getting better was their craving again for tea. In general, the dry and dirty tongue always prefers tea to coffee, and will quite decline milk, unless with tea. Coffee is a better restorative than tea, but a greater impairer of the digestion. Let the patient's taste decide. You will say that, in cases of great thirst, the patient's craving decides that it will drink *a great deal* of tea, and that you cannot help it. But in these cases be sure that the patient requires diluents for quite other purposes than quenching the thirst; he wants a great deal of some drink, not only of tea, and the doctor will order what he is to have, barley water or lemonade, or soda water and milk, as the case may be.

Lehman, quoted by Dr. Christison, says that, among the well and active "the infusion of 1 oz. of roasted coffee daily will diminish the 'waste' going on in the body" "by one-fourth," and Dr. Christison adds that tea has the same property. Now this is actual experiment. Lehman weighs the man and finds the fact from his weight. It is not deduced from any "analysis" of food. All experience among the sick shows the same thing.

An almost universal error among nurses is in the bulk of the food and especially the drinks they offer to their patients. You have not increased the nourishment, you have not increased the renovating power of these articles, by increasing their bulk,—you have very likely diminished both by giving the patient's digestion more to do, and most likely of all, the patient will leave

half of what he has been ordered to take, because he cannot swallow the bulk with which you have been pleased to invest it. It requires very nice observation and care (and meets with hardly any) to determine what will not be too thick or strong for the patient to take, while giving him no more than the bulk which he is able to swallow."

LIGHT.

It is the unqualified result of all my experience with the sick, that second only to their need of fresh air is their need of light; that, after a close room, what hurts them most is a dark room. And that it is not only light but direct sun-light they want. I had rather have the power of carrying my patient about after the sun, according to the aspect of the rooms, if circumstances permit, than let him linger in a room when the sun is off. People think the effect is upon the spirits only. This is by no means the case. The sun is not only a painter but a sculptor. You admit that he does the photograph. Without going into any scientific exposition we must admit that light has quite as real and tangible effects upon the human body. But this is not all. Who has not observed the purifying effect of light, and especially of direct sunlight, upon the air of a room? Here is an observation within everybody's experience. Go into a room where the shutters are always shut (in a sick room or a bedroom there should never be shutters shut), and though the room be uninhabited, though the air has never been polluted by the breathing of human beings, you will observe a close, musty smell of corrupt air, of air *i.e.* unpurified by the effect of the sun's rays. The mustiness of dark rooms and corners, indeed, is proverbial. The cheerfulness of a room, the usefulness of light in treating disease is all-important.

A very high authority in hospital construction has said that people do not enough consider the difference between wards and dormitories in planning their buildings. But I go farther, and say, that healthy people never remember the difference between *bed-rooms* and *sick-rooms*, in making arrangements for the sick. To a sleeper in health it does not signify what the view is from his bed. He ought never to be in it excepting when asleep, and at night. Aspect does not very much signify either (provided the sun reach his bed-room some time in every day, to purify the air), because he ought never to be in his bed-room except during the hours when there is no sun. But the case is exactly reversed with the sick, even should they be as many hours out of their beds as you are in yours, which probably they are not. Therefore, that they should be able, without raising themselves or turning in bed, to see out of

window from their beds, to see sky and sunlight at least, if you can show them nothing else, I assert to be, if not of the very first importance for recovery, at least something very near it. And you should therefore look to the position of the beds of your sick one of the very first things. If they can see out of two windows instead of one, so much the better. Again, the morning sun and the mid-day sun—the hours when they are quite certain not to be up, are of more importance to them, if a choice must be made, than the afternoon sun. Perhaps you can take them out of bed in the afternoon and set them by the window, where they can see the sun. But the best rule is, if possible, to give them direct sunlight from the moment he rises till the moment he sets.

Another great difference between the *bed-room* and the *sick-room* is, that the *sleepers* have a very large balance of fresh air to begin with, when he begins the night, if his room has been open all day as it ought to be; the *sick* man has not, because all day he has been breathing the air in the same room, and dirtying it by the emanations from himself. Far more care is therefore necessary to keep up a constant change of air in the sick room.

It is hardly necessary to add that there are acute cases (particularly a few opthalmic cases, and diseases where the eye is morbidly sensitive), where a subdued light is necessary. But a dark north room is inadmissible even for these. You can always moderate the light by blinds and curtains.

Heavy, thick, dark window or bed curtains should, however, hardly ever be used for any kind of sick in this country. A light white curtain at the head of the bed is, in general, all that is necessary, and a green blind to the window, to be drawn down only when necessary.

One of the greatest observers of human things (not physiological), says, in another language, "Where there is sun there is thought." All physiology goes to confirm this. Where is the shady side of deep valleys, there is cretinism. Where are cellars and the un sunned sides of narrow streets, there is the degeneracy and weakness of the human race—mind and body equally degenerating. Put the pale withering plant and human being into the sun, and, if not too far gone, each will recover health and spirit.

It is a curious thing to observe how almost all patients lie with their faces turned to the light, exactly as plants always make their way towards the light; a patient will even complain that it gives him pain "lying on that side." "Then why *do* you lie on that side?" He does not know,—but we do. It is because it is the side towards the window. A fashionable physician has recently published in a government report

that he always turns his patient's faces from the light. Yes, but nature is stronger than fashionable physicians, and depend upon it she turns the faces back and *towards* such light as she can get. Walk through the wards of a hospital, remember the bed-sides of private patients you have seen, and count how many sick you ever saw lying with their faces towards the wall.—*From Miss Nightingale's Notes on Nursing.*

AUTUMN LEAVES IN WAX.

Wax-flowers cannot be properly made without the personal instructions of one who understands the art; but the process of making autumn leaves in wax, together with the vines of English ivy and our American woodbine, can be so plainly described that a new beginner need not fear making such an effort. Moreover, the materials are inexpensive, and the work pleasing.

Wax in sheets can be purchased at most of our large fancy-work stores, and is much nicer both in color and pliability than a novice can make by melting white wax, coloring, and sheeting it. It is usually sold in packages, each containing a dozen sheets. Procure but a small quantity to begin with; then, as you advance in the art, if you are satisfied with your work, it will be easy to increase your supply of materials.

The principal colors of wax required for the making of autumn leaves are crimson, scarlet, yellow, and green. You may have, if you wish, more than one shade of each color. Procure also paints in powder—chrome-yellow, orange, dark and light greens, burnt umber, and carmine—a small portion of each. The carmine powder is expensive; however, a small quantity will color several leaves. The other paints are cheap.

When about to use these, rub down a little at a time, as you require it, getting it as fine as is possible. The carmine will not need this, and the umber also is well ground, but the chrome-yellow and some of the greens are apt to have lumps through the powder, and these scratch the surface of the wax. A plate and the flat blade of a knife will answer for the smoothing-down process.

The colors are rubbed on the wax with a stub brush. I prefer for this purpose the brushes I make by taking large-sized camel's-hair pencils and burning down the points over the flame of a candle till within a quarter or five-sixteenths of an inch from the quill. Scorch it so as to leave a nicely rounded end. This kind of brush will rub the powder evenly into the wax.

Now, having all the materials ready, proceed to work by laying on the table some firm white writing-paper; place your sheet

of wax upon it, and press it smoothly down. Take for a pattern the leaf you desire to copy, lay it on the wax, and with a medium-sized needle, held in an upright position, cut the wax to the outline of the leaf that rests upon it, and if the edges are jagged, trim them neatly with a pair of scissors, first moistening the steel, or the wax will adhere to it. A little practice will show you how to cut the wax so smoothly with a needle that no after trimming will be required. Now cut out a second leaf, having it exactly like the first, as two are needed, both being placed together, and the wire for a stem put between.

We will suppose you have taken as a copy a dark green maple leaf; part of one side is turned brown, while the other side has vivid crimson points. Of course, for such a one, you have used green wax. Lay on a small piece of paper one of the leaves you have cut out; dip a brush into some burnt umber, and rub it on where you want the brown color; then, with another brush, put on the carmine powder where a tint of crimson is required. The two colors can be blended into each other.

The next step is to give your leaf its veinings, which you will do by putting the under side of the natural leaf on the upper side of the wax one. Press it between your warm thumb and finger, and an imprint of the veins will be left on the soft surface of the wax.

Now, for a stem, put the wire along the centre of the leaf, up to its point; place the second leaf of wax against it, for a back, and press the two firmly together, the natural leaf being still held in place—the warmth of the fingers will cause them to join with readiness; mould between the fingers, to take off the flatness and give natural curves; remove the maple leaf, and, if you have been careful, the imitation will be satisfactory. A strip of wax must be put around the wire, and by twisting it firmly between the finger and thumb a round stem will be made.

Some leaves are a vivid scarlet; others, like many of the beech, are yellow. These only require to be cut out of wax of the necessary color, veined, put together, and moulded, without the addition of any paint. Then, again, some are yellow with a dash of green or brown, others with tints of brilliant orange, and all so diversified that they need to be examined in order to be properly imitated; but having made one, you will find it easy to copy others, and after a few such attempts will be ready to undertake something more difficult, as, for instance, this beautiful Virginia creeper—known also as American ivy and woodbine—over a yard in length, that lies before me, tinged with the frosts of autumnal nights, and of which a perfect copy, just completed, is fastened

along the casing of a window in my parlor.

Select a branch of this plant and set it before you for a pattern. Take malleable wire only coarse enough to support the weight of the leaf, and prepare some stems by twisting wax around them. The scraps may be used for this purpose. It is well to have a pair of sharp-edged pincers for cutting wire.

The leaves of the Virginia creeper are quinate, and each leaflet may have some different tint distinguishing it from others on the same leaf.

My vine has for its tip some tiny scarlet leaves; and having wax of the exact color, I cut them out of it, only one of the five leaflets requiring the addition of a little umber and the faintest tinge of yellow along the extreme edge; then I veined them, put them on very fine wire for stems, and, by twisting the wires together, made the leaflets into the proper shape for the leaf. This twisting must be done firmly and neatly, and then covered with wax; for if the leaf-stalk is made in a rough manner, it will detract from the appearance of the vine. A strong but malleable wire should be twisted in as a main stalk, around which each separate leaf should be twined, and this also must be neatly covered with wax.

Most of the upper leaves on my spray are scarlet, some having an occasional tinge of green, yellow, or brown. A few are crimson and yellow, with tints of brightest green along the edge. The lower and larger leaves on the branch are more subdued in color, many of them being of a dark, glossy green, with hints of crimson warming them up, and more than a hint of brown; indeed, one or two are entirely brown. The under part of some of these leaves requires to be mottled, using a powder made by mixing together a little carmine and umber.

Tendrils here and there along the entire length are made by covering fine wire with brown wax, and twining the wires around a coarse needle or a pencil, varying the sizes.

A branch of ivy can be copied even more readily than the woodbine I have described, as only the various shades of green wax are required, with a little umber for shading.

It is much easier for a person who understands such work to tell how it should be done than for a new beginner to follow out these instructions, but patience and perseverance in attending to the directions I have given can not but meet with a measure of success. Moreover, the work is so pretty: and as leaf after leaf is made a reward follows the effort, and encourages to new attempts; and practice in the art will bring proficiency.—*Bazar*.

SELECTED RECIPES.

A RELISH FOR TEA.—Take one or two chickens, boil in a small quantity of water; when thoroughly done remove the skin; then take all the meat from the bones; keep the light and the dark separate; chop, and salt to taste. If you have a meat-presser, take it, or any other mould, put in a layer of light, then a layer of dark meat, till the supply is exhausted; add a little of the liquor it was boiled in. Press. When cold, cut it in slices. It makes a delicious sandwich for a journey or picnic.

TAPIOCA PUDDING WITHOUT EGGS OR MILK.—Soak a teacupful of tapioca in one and a half pints of water, over night. Pare and punch out the cores of eight apples, and fill up the holes with white sugar, grate lemon peel over the whole, and pour one large coffee-cup of boiling water over the apples. Then turn over the tapioca, having first thinned it to the consistency of custard with boiling water. Bake for an hour, and serve with sugar and cream.

TO MAKE ROLLS FROM BREAD DOUGH.—Leave out a small portion of the dough for hot rolls for dinner. To two large coffee-cupfuls of dough, add one heaping tablespoonful of white sugar, and one level tablespoonful of butter or lard; mix the two thoroughly into the dough. Take off a bit and roll it well; then butter a tin and lay it upon it. Fill up the tin in this way; set aside to rise, and bake in a hot oven for twenty minutes.

BREAKFAST ROLLS.—Take a coffee-cupful of new milk; two beaten eggs; half a cup of fresh yeast; a tablespoonful of salt; a tablespoonful of sugar; two tablespoonfuls of butter or sweet lard; stir in briskly enough sifted flour to make a stiff batter. They should be mixed in this way at tea time, and covered up to rise. Late in the evening, when the dough is light, mould it out on the board and put back in the pan, and cover again. In the morning tear off, but do not cut, in pieces of sufficient size to twist up into rolls, working it as little as possible; when they puff up, bake in a quick oven, and eat them while hot.

JELLY ROLLS.—Take three eggs; one-half cup of sugar; a cup of flour; a teaspoonful of cream of tartar; a half teaspoonful of soda; or, in lieu of the soda and cream of tartar, a teaspoonful and a half of baking powder. Bake in thin cakes; spread with jelly, and roll up with the jelly side in; cut in slices across the roll.

FRENCH CREAM CAKE.—Beat three eggs

and one cup of sugar together thoroughly; add two tablespoonfuls of cold water; stir a teaspoonful of baking powder into a cup and a half of flour; sift the flour in, stirring all the time in one direction. Bake in two thin cakes; split the cakes while hot, and fill in with cream, prepared in the following manner: To a pint of new milk, add two tablespoonfuls of corn starch, one beaten egg, one half-cup of sugar; stir while cooking, and when hot, put in a piece of butter, the size of an egg; flavor the cream slightly with lemon, vanilla or pine apple.

COTTAGE PUDDING.—One cup chopped suet; one cup raisins; one cup sour milk; half cup sugar; half cup molasses; teaspoonful of soda; flavor with nutmeg, cinnamon and cloves (adding the raisins last). Steam an hour and a half; if the amount is doubled, steam two hours. Serve with sweet sauce. This pudding is nice if warmed over in slices in the steamer.

BAKED INDIAN PUDDING.—Boil one quart of milk, and while boiling stir in corn meal till quite thick and well scalded; sweeten with molasses to taste, say one cup. Put in a baking dish, pour on one quart of cold milk, drop several small pieces of butter on as many points, and salt, and put in the oven and bake from one and a half hour to two hours. A little experience will get it just right. This pudding has the merit of cheapness as well as ease of making, and *great excellence*; eaten without sauce, and cold or hot.

SWEET PICKLES.—For each nine pounds of fruit, peaches, tomatoes, apples, etc., take three pounds of sugar, one pint of vinegar and one-half ounce of cloves. Put the sugar and vinegar together in a preserving kettle; let them come to a boil, then put in the cloves,—ground if for apples; if for peaches or tomatoes, put in two whole cloves for each, or more if you like. Put your fruit into the syrup and let it boil until it cracks open; then lift it out carefully, boil down the juice and pour it over them. As the juice gets thinner by standing, drain it off and boil it down as much as you conveniently can, pouring it over the fruit again.

COTTAGE CHEESE.—Place *thick*, loppered milk on the stove, and let it heat thoroughly, not to *cook*, or it will be hard. Pour into a coarse cloth, and let it drain until dry; season with salt and butter. Should it be rather dry, moisten with milk or cream, and make into balls.

Some prefer what is called "smear-kase." Prepare the milk as stated above, but instead of making into balls, thin with sweet cream, and add a little pepper.

Literary Notices.

COOMASSIE AND MAGDALA: The story of Two British Campaigns in Africa. By Henry M. Stanley, Special Correspondent *N. Y. Herald*, with Illustrations and two Maps. New York: Harper Bros.

This is perhaps as valuable an history of these two campaigns as is likely to be published. It is written in a lively and entertaining style, and it appears to be a very complete record of all points of interest in connection with British military operations both at Magdala and Coomassie.

The following sketches will show how Mr. Stanley treats his subject:

CAMP EXPERIENCE.

The newly-arrived soldiers gave us rich fun. Sailors have always carried off the palm for ingenuous sayings, but in this campaign I am certain the soldiers will win the day. What they have done has convulsed the camp with laughter. The Rifle Brigade, or, at least, a portion of it, is encamped at a place called Barracoe. It may be remembered that Prince Arthur is a captain in this corps, and that the regiment has a very high reputation for gallantry. Soon after its arrival at Barracoe one of the number was placed at night as sentry at a place looking toward the deepest part of the forest, whence issued during the darkest hours of night a chorus of unmelodious sounds which were sometimes followed by a series of harsh, unearthly screams. The sounds caused by a laughing hyæna were as music compared to them; the shrill cry of the fish eagle is not half as alarming. These startling screams were uttered at regular intervals and seemingly in close proximity to the bewildered sentry. He dared not fire, for to alarm the camp by a shot fired at random into the black forest with the hope that the beast or whatever it was might be frightened into silence was not to be thought of. But the sentry determined that, by preparing himself against attack by fixing his sword-bayonet, he would be guarding himself in some measure against any manifestations of hostility the beast might exhibit. Thus he stood constantly peering into the impenetrable darkness, vainly seeking to pierce the almost palpable blackness of the night until the relief party came round.

The sentry had no time to recover himself and sheathe his sword before the party in charge of the officer was close upon him, so he thrust his sword under his arm, and after challenging, brought his weapon to "port arms" to receive the relief. Seeing his evident confusion and the sword under his arm, the officer demanded the cause, and was told by the sentry, "If you plaze, zur, there's some snake of a wild baste a constantly screaming close by here. Devil a bit has he stopped since oi have been standing here, and oi'm thinking the crathur can't be far off. Shure the devil must be in him. So oi just fixed my sword for him to give him some cold steel." "Oh, you mean that lemur which cries out so. Why, my dear fellow, that wild beast is not as large as a rabbit. You need never fear anything from him." The poor sentry, it is reported, has been fearfully chaffed by the Rifles for his fright of an animal not bigger than a rabbit.

A soldiers' camp-fire is a cheery sight. Each face as you see it by the firelight seems tinted with a warm, rosy hue, and there is very much of genial life and kindly spirit around it. Fires are not always kindled for the warmth they give, and even a winter fire is as welcome for its blaze and cheeriness as for its warmth; but in the tropics, the military camp fire is kindled for the magnetic geniality its bright blaze evokes. With the Rifles as with the sailors the camp fire is a nightly institution, and around these the bonny faces are gathered and become wreathed in smiles as some highly colored story is being told for their delectation. Every imaginable thing affords a subject for graphic illustration and embellishment, and the Rifles enjoy the tales with a zest which speaks well for the good fellowship which distinguishes them. But the stories generally treat of wild animals and their savagery, of thrilling adventures with beasts of prey. One night the fire circle had sat up rather late, the anecdotes had been frequent and various, and more than usually illustrative of the dangers to be encountered in an African forest. The weird sounds which issued from the deep, dark forest surrounding the camp at Barracoe, and stole through the darkness on their quickened ears, lent somewhat of an alarming reality to the themes which had engaged their ears that night, and if the brave Rifles had been sub-

jected to the confessional there is no doubt but that many of them would have confessed they would much prefer encountering the dangers of the forest during the daylight than at night time. It chanced that a sergeant was compelled to proceed alone to a distant quarter of the camp, after a whole repertoire of alarming stories had been exhausted. The night was pitch dark, the tall cotton-woods seemed to rise to infinity in the darkness, while the noises that issued from them were extremely depressive to the soul. The sergeant thought he might as well prepare against contingencies; for, "who knows? something might happen to a fellow in such an unchristian country." He unbuttoned his holster, and kept his hand on the stock of his revolver. He stopped once or twice to listen, as he imagined he heard footsteps. Again he continued his fearful way, and again and again he halted to listen. Through the darkness he could faintly distinguish the outlines of a huge beast; but, whatever it was, the beast remained motionless when he stopped. Did the thing mean to spring upon him? lions, and tigers, and leopards generally did on a benighted man; that was the usual mode of attack. Arguing thus, the sergeant drew out his revolver and kept it directed at the monstrous thing, which still persisted in following him. As he drew near his own quarters the sergeant, whose fears had risen to the highest pitch, shouted out to his comrades in most agonizing accents, "I say, Bill, Jack, Tom, hurry up for God's sake, and show us a light! quick, for mercy's sake; here is a wild beast going to attack me!" Responsive to the poor sergeant's cries for assistance came the cheery "Aye, aye" of his messmates, who sprang out of their tents with lights and Sniders, and swords to the rescue. But imagine the astonishment of all when the lanterns disclosed the form of—a mule!

The sergeant, however, is not the only man who has been frightened nearly out of his wits by such a domestic animal, for it was but the other day when a native, being requested to lead a donkey to water, started with him gaily enough, until the animal began to bray, when the native ran away from him with the speed of lightning, and never halted until he found himself a good half mile away from the strange brute, which could excel even the African lion in noise.

DEATH OF KING THEODORE.

With heads bent low, like charging bison, the "Duke's Own" came surging up almost intact; the color-bearer in the centre; officers cool and martial like to the rear of their companies, all striding audaciously forward, alert, keen-eyed, and prompt as tinder, to burst into a white-heat blaze upon

the slightest provocation. Near the spot where the dying man, who had been drawn out to the open, lay, the centre of the regiment halted.

At this moment the rain ceased, and the sun shone forth into the full power of his departing splendor.

Eagerly stepped out the standard-bearer at the word of command, and high and triumphant, in all its silken bravery, streamed the "Wavy Cross" emblem of Britannia's majesty and power, above the surrounding world of mountains—an omen to all beholders that the tyrant Emperor had been humbled, and that his proudest stronghold, Magdala, had passed into the strangers' hands. As it fluttered and rippled in mid air the "Duke's Own" doffed helmets, and simultaneously, in the acme of enthusiasm, they raised their voices in cheers, which sounded to those on Islamgee, 500 feet below, like the deep roar of an ocean's tide. The cheers were recognized, caught up, and flung from Magdala to Selasse, thence to Fahla, and that grey crag sent it quivering far below; finally the British camp, nearly two miles off, caught the sounds, and strengthened the universal "Hurrah" by their own exuberant voices. Strains of music burst from the martial bands. The National Anthem of England, "God Save the Queen," was never played or sung with greater effect or vigor than when the hoary crags of Magdala responded to its notes in an overwhelming chorus of echoes!

A few unarmed Abyssinians, attracted by the clamor of music and shouting, mustered courage enough to approach the standard, which waved so gaily in the mountain gale; and, on beholding one of their countrymen on the ground, they bent over the body, but quickly recoiled with fearful dismay on their faces, exclaiming, "Todros! Todros!"

The words attracted the attention of every one, and together they strode towards the body, jostling each other eagerly in the endeavor to obtain a glimpse of him the natives styled "Todros, Negus, Negashi of Itiopia!"

And what did they see? The body of a native seemingly half famished, clad in coarse upper garments, dingy with wear, and ragged with tear, covering under garments of clean linen!

The face of deep brown was the most remarkable one in Abyssinia; it bore the appearance of one who had passed through many anxious hours. His eyes, now over-spread with a deathly film, gave evidence yet of the piercing power for which they were celebrated. The mouth was well defined and thin-lipped. The lower lip seemed well adapted to express scorn, and a trace of it was still visible. As he gasped his last, two rows of whitest teeth were disclosed. Over his mouth two strong lines arched to

a high, aquiline nose. The nostrils expanded widely as he struggled to retain the breath which was rapidly leaving him. The face was broad, high cheek-boned, with a high, prominent forehead and overhanging eyebrows. The hair was divided into three large plaits extending from the forehead to the back of the neck, which latter appeared to be a very tower of strength. The body measured five feet and eight inches, and was very muscular and broad-chested. There was a character about the features denoting great firmness or obstinacy, mingled with ferocity; but perhaps the latter idea was suggested upon remembering the many cruelties ascribed to him. And thus was it that we saw the remains of him whom men called Theodorus, Emperor of Abyssinia, the Descendant of Menilek; Son of Solomon, King of Kings, Lord of Earth, Conqueror of Ethiopia, Regenerator of Africa, and Saviour of Jerusalem, now dying—dead by his own hand!

Fitting punishment was it that the red right hand, which had bereft so many hapless ones of their lives, should have deprived that of its outlawed owner! Fitting was it also that the banner of St. George should first shadow his body, as it first proclaimed his downfall!

The Irish soldiers took hold of his legs, and roughly dragged him to a hammock, where, after two or three gasps, he breathed his last.

Curious remarks were passed upon the body by the dense groups which surrounded it. One man, with a spice of Latin in him, uttered sententiously, "*Sic semper tyrannis*," to which many a one responded heartily, "*Amen and amen!*" Another Celtic warrior hoped the scoundrel would trouble "*nobody no more*," and another, with some regard for decency, covered up the bare abdomen, even the nether limbs, and folded the arms upon the breast.

Large grew the crowds around the body. Officers and privates as they came up hastened to get a glimpse of it. The released captives hurried to obtain a farewell glance at their dead captor, and when they recognized him all doubts as to his identification were at an end. Theodore had been fighting in disguise, knowing that bright colors attracted England's marksmen. The Commander-in-Chief, with his staff, rode up to view the corpse, but not one kind word of sympathy for the dead Emperor's fate was uttered. He who had been merciless to others was not deserving of sympathy.

Not until the last moment, when on the threshold of certain defeat, did he surrender his life. Seeing speedy death in the levelled muskets of the advancing soldiers, he quickly retired behind the haystack, and with the revolver—the Queen's gift—into his mouth the Imperial suicide had fired, and died.

THE WOMEN OF THE ARABS; with a Chapter for Children, by the Rev. H. H. Jessop, D.D., sixteen years a Missionary in Syria. Edited by Rev. S. C. Robinson, D.D., and Rev. Isaac Riley.

The deep degradation of women among the Mohammedans and the nominal Christians of Syria is strikingly brought out in this work. Syrian Christianity is described by Dr. Jessop as being the lowest type of the Greek and Roman Churches. Saint worship and picture worship are universal. The people are ignorant, and the priesthood superstitious. Many amusing stories are told in the Children's Chapter of the odd ways of the Syrians. The following will serve as illustrations:—

KOB KOB.

It is very curious to go to the Syrian school-houses, and see the piles of shoes at the door. There are new bright red shoes, and old tattered shoes, and kob kobs, and black shoes, and sometimes yellow shoes. The kob kobs are wooden clogs made to raise the feet out of the mud and water, having a little strap over the toe to keep it on the foot. You will often see little boys and girls running down steps and paved streets on these dangerous kob kobs. Sometimes they slip and then down they go on their noses, and the kob kobs fly off and go rattling over the stones, and the little Ali or Yusef, or whatever his name is, begins to shout, "*Ya Imme! Ya Imme!*" "*Oh, my mother!*" and cries just like little children in other countries.

But the funniest part of it is to see the boys when they come out of school and try to find their shoes. There will be fifty boys, and of course a hundred shoes, all mixed together in one pile. When school is out, the boys make a rush for the door. Then comes the tug of war. A dozen boys are standing and shuffling on the pile of shoes, looking down, kicking away the other shoes, running their toes into their own, stumbling over the kob kobs, and then making a dash to get out of the crowd. Sometimes shins will be kicked, and hair pulled, and tarbooshes thrown off, and a great screaming and cursing follow, which will only cease when the Mùallim comes with his "*Asa*" or stick, and quells the riot. That pile of shoes will have to answer for a good many schoolboy fights and bruised noses and hard feeling in Syria. You would wonder how they can tell their own shoes. So do I. And the boys often wear off each other's shoes by mistake, or on purpose, and then you will see Selim running with one shoe on, and one of Ibrahim's in his

hand, shouting and cursing Ibrahim's father and grandfather, till he gets back his lost property. Sometimes when men leave their shoes outside the door of a house where they are calling, some one will steal them, and then they are in a sorry plight. Shoes are regarded as very unclean, and when you are talking in polite society, it will never do to speak of them, without asking pardon. You would say, "The other day some one stole my new shoes, *ajellak Allah*;" i.e., May God exalt you above such a vile subject! You would use the same words if you were talking with a Moslem, and spoke of a dog, a hog, a donkey, a girl, or a woman.

MAD CAMELS.

What noise is that we hear down in the village, under the great jowz (walnut) trees by the fountain? It rolls, and gurgles, and growls, and bellows enough to frighten a whole village full of children. But the little Arab boys and girls are playing around, and women are filling their jars at the fountain just as if nothing had happened. But it is a frightful noise for all that. It is the bellowing of the camels as their heavy loads are being put on. They are kneeling on the ground, with their long necks swaying and stretching around like boa constrictors. These camels are very useful animals, but I always like to see them at a distance. especially in the month of February, for at that time they get to be as "mad as a March hare." They are what the Arabs call "taish," and often bite men severely. In Hums one bit the whole top of a man's head off, and in Tripoli another bit a man's hand off. I once saw a camel "taish" in Beirut, and he was driving the whole town before him. Whenever he came, with his tongue hanging down and a foaming froth pouring from his mouth as he growled and bellowed through the streets, the people would leave their shops and stools and run in dismay. It was a frightful sight. I was riding down town, and on seeing the crowd, and the camel coming towards me, I put spurs to my horse and rode home.

When camels are tied together in a long caravan, with a little mouse-colored donkey leading the van, ridden by a long-legged Bedawy, who sits half-asleep smoking his pipe, you would think them the tamest and most innocent creatures in the world; but when they fall into a panic, they are beyond all control. A few years ago a drove of camels were passing through the city of Damascus. The Arabs drive camels like sheep, hundreds and sometimes thousands in a flock, and they look awkward enough. When this drove entered the city, something frightened them, and they began to run. Just imagine a camel running! What a sight it must have been! Hundreds of them went through the narrow streets,

knocking over men and women and donkeys, upsetting the shopkeepers, and spilling their wares on the ground, and many persons were badly bruised. At length a carpenter saw them coming and put a timber across the street, which dammed up the infuriated tide of camels, and they dashed against one another until they were all wedged together, and thus their owners secured them.

The camel is very sure-footed, but cannot travel on muddy and slippery roads. The Arabs say "The camel never falls, but if he falls, he never gets up again." They carry long timbers over Lebanon, on the steep and rocky roads, the timber being balanced on the pack-saddle, one end extending out on front, and the other behind. Sometimes the timber begins to swing about, and down the camel goes over the precipice and is dashed to pieces.

THE FRUIT AND CRITICS.

See the piles of fruit in the streets! Grapes and figs, water melons and pomegranates, peaches, pears, lemons and bananas. At other seasons of the year you have oranges, *sweet lemons*, plums and apricots. There is fresh fruit on the trees here every week in the year. Now we are passing a lemonade stand where iced lemonade is sold for a cent a glass, cooled with snow from the summit of Mount Lebanon, 9,000 feet high. Grapes are about a cent a pound, and figs the same, and in March you can buy five oranges or ten sweet lemons for a cent. Huge watermelons are about eight or ten cents apiece. We buy so many pounds of milk and oil, and potatoes, and charcoal. The prickly pear, or *subire*, is a delicious fruit, although covered with sharp barbed spines and thorns. It is full of hard, large woody seeds, but the people are very fond of the fruit. Sheikh Nasifel Yazijy was a famous Arab poet and scholar, and a young man brought him a poem to be corrected. He told him to call in a few days and get it. He came again, and the Sheikh said to him, "Your poem is like the missionary's prickly pear." "The missionary's prickly pear?" said the young poet. "What do you mean?" "Why," said the Sheikh, "Dr.——, a missionary, when he first came to Syria, had a dish of prickly pears set before him to eat. Not liking to eat the seeds, he began to pick them out, and when he had picked out all the seeds there was nothing left! So your poem. You asked me to remove the errors, and I found that when I had taken out all the errors there was nothing left."

HOW THE PRIEST COUNTED.

The Syrians have a good many stories about their priests, which they laugh about, and yet they obey them, no matter how ignorant they are. Abû Selim in the Meena

used to tell methis story: Once there was a priest who did not know how to count. This was a great trial to him, as the Greeks have so many fasts and feasts that it is necessary to count all the time, or get into trouble. They have a long fast, called *Soum el Kebir*, and it is sometimes nearly sixty days long. One year the fast commenced, and the priest had blundered so often that he went to the bishop and asked him to teach htm some way to count the days to the Easter feast. The bishop told him it would be forty days, and gave him forty kernals of "hummus," or peas, telling him to put them into his pocket, and throw one out every day, and when they were all gone to proclaim the feast! This was a happy plan for the poor priest, and he went on faithfully throwing away one pea every day, until one day he went to a neighboring village. In crossing the stream he fell from his donkey into the mud, and his black robe was grievously soiled. The good woman of the house where he slept told him to take off his robe and she would clean it in the night. So after he was asleep she arose and washed it clean, but found, to her sorrow, that she had destroyed the peas in the priest's pocket. "Poor priest," said she, "he has lost all his peas which he had for lunch on the road! But I will make it up to him." So she went to her earthen jar and took a big double handful of hummus and put them into the priest's pocket, and said no more. He went on his way and threw out a pea every morning for weeks and weeks. At length some of his fellaehen heard that the feast had begun in another village, and told the priest. "Impossible," said he, "my pocket is half-full yet." Others came and said, "Will you keep us fasting all the year?" He only replied, "Look into my pocket. Are you wiser than the bishop?" At length some one went and told the bishop that the priest was keeping his people fasting for twenty days after the time. And then the story leaked out, and the poor woman told how she had filled up the pocket, and the bishop saw that there was no use in trying to teach the man to count.

THE HOLY DONKEYS.

Once upon a time there was a great Sheikh Ali, a holy man, who kept a holy tomb of an ancient prophet. The tomb was on a hill, under a big oak tree, and the white dome could be seen for miles around. Lamps were kept burning day and night in the tomb, and if any one extinguished them they were miraculously lighted again. Men with sore eyes came to visit it and were cured. The earth around the tomb was carried off to be used as medicine. Women came and tied old rags on the limbs of the tree, as vows to the wonderful prophet. Nobody knew the name of the

prophet, but the tomb was called "Korb en Nebi," or "tomb of the prophet." A green cloth was spread over the tomb under the dome, and incense was sold by the sheikh to those who wished to heal their sick, or drive out evil spirits from their houses. Pilgrims came from afar to visit the holy place, and its fame extended over all the land. Sheikh Ali was becoming a rich man, and all the pilgrims kissed his hand and begged his blessing. Now Sheikh Ali had a faithful servant named Mohammed, who had served him long and well. But Mohammed was weary of living in one place, and asked permission to go and seek his fortune in distant parts. So Sheikh Ali gave him his blessing and presented him with a donkey which he had for many years, that he might ride when tired of walking. Then Mohammed set out on his journey. He went through cities and towns and villages, and at last came out on the mountains east of the Jordan in a desert place. No village or house was in sight, and night came on. Tired, hungry, and discouraged, poor Mohammed lay down by his donkey on a great pile of stones, and fell asleep. In the morning he awoke, and, alas! his donkey was dead. He was in despair, but his kindly nature would not let the poor brute lie there to be devoured by jackals and vultures, so he piled a mound of stones over its body, and sat down to weep.

While he was weeping a wealthy Hajji, or pilgrim, came along, on his return from Mecca. He was surprised to see a man alone in this wilderness, and asked him why he was weeping. Mohammed replied, "O Hajji, I have found the tomb of a holy prophet, and I have vowed to be its keeper; but I am in great need." The Hajji thanked him for the news, and dismounted to visit the holy place, and gave Mohammed a rich present. After he had gone Mohammed hastened to the nearest village and bought provisions, and then returned to his holy prophet's tomb. The Hajji spread the news, and pilgrims thronged to the spot with rich presents and offerings. As money came in Mohammed brought masons and built a costly tomb, with a tall white dome that could be seen across the Jordan. He lived in a little room by the tomb, and soon the miraculous lights began to appear in the tomb at night, which Mohammed had kindled when no one was near. He increased in fame and wealth, and the prophet's tomb became one of the great shrines of the land.

At length Sheikh Ali heard of the fame of the new holy place in the desert, and as his own visitors began to fall off, decided to go himself and gain the merit of a visit to the tomb of that famous prophet. When he arrived there with his rich presents of green cloth, incense, and money, he bowed

in silence to pray towards Mecca, when suddenly he recognized in the holy keeper of the tomb his old servant Mohammed. "Salam alaykoom," said Sheikh Ali. "Alaykoom es Salam," replied Mohammed. When he asked him how he came here, and how he found this tomb, Mohammed replied, "This tomb is a great 'sirr,' or mystery, and I am forbidden to utter the secret." "But you *must* tell me," said Sheikh Ali, "for I am a father to you." Mohammed refused, and Ali insisted, until at length Mohammed said, "My honored Sheikh, you remember having given me a donkey. It was a faithful donkey, and when it died I buried it. This is the tomb of that donkey!" "Mashallah! Mashallah!" said Sheikh Ali, "the will of Allah be done!" Then they ate and drank together, and renewed the memory of their former life, and then Sheikh Mohammed said to Sheikh Ali, "My master, as I have told you the 'sirr' of my prophet's tomb, I wish to know the secret of yours." "Impossible," said Ali, "for that is one of the ancient mysteries, too sacred to be mentioned by mortal lips." "But you *must* tell me, even as I have told you." At length the old Sheikh Ali stroked his snowy beard, adjusted his white turban, and whispered to Mohammed, "And my holy place is the *tomb of that donkey's father!*" "Mashallah," said Mohammed, "may Allah bless the beard of the holy donkeys!"

THE CATACOMBS OF ROME. By Rev. W. H. Withrow.

We give below a passage which we had marked for insertion under our notice of this volume last month, but which was unfortunately crowded out. The subject is

THE SYMBOLISM OF THE CATACOMBS.

Primitive Christianity was eminently congenial to religious symbolism. Born in the East, and in the bosom of Judaism, which had long been familiar with this universal oriental language, it adopted types and figures as its natural mode of expression. These formed the warp and woof of the symbolic drapery of the tabernacle and temple service, prefiguring the great truths of the Gospel. The Old Testament sparkles with mysterious imagery. In the sublime visions of Isaiah, Ezekiel, and Daniel, move strange creatures of wondrous form and prophetic significance. In the New Testament the Divine Teacher conveys the loftiest lessons in parables of

inimitable beauty. In the apocalyptic visions of St. John the language of imagery is exhausted to represent the overthrow of Satan, the triumph of Christ, and the glories of the New Jerusalem.

The primitive Christians, therefore, naturally adopted a similar mode of art expression for conveying religious instruction. They also, as a necessary precaution in times of persecution, concealed from the profane gaze of their enemies the mysteries of the faith under a veil of symbolism, which yet revealed their profoundest truths to the hearts of the initiated. That such disguise was not superfluous is shown by the recent discovery of a pagan caricature of the Crucifixion on a wall beneath the Palatine, and the recorded desecration of the eucharistic vessels by the Apostate Julian. To those who possessed the key to the "Christian hieroglyphs," as Raoul-Rochette has called them, they spoke a language that the most unlettered as well as the learned could understand. What to the haughty heathen was an unmeaning scrawl, to the lowly believer was eloquent of loftiest truths and tenderest consolation.

Although occasionally fantastic and far-fetched, this symbolism is generally of a profoundly religious significance, and often of extreme poetic beauty. In perpetual canticle of love it finds resemblances of the Divine object of its devotion throughout all nature. It beholds beyond the shadows of time the eternal verities of the world to come. It is not of the earth earthy, but is entirely supersensual in its character, and employs material forms only as suggestions of the unseen and spiritual. It addresses the inner vision of the soul, and not the mere outer sense. Its merit consists, therefore, not in artistic beauty of execution, but in appositeness of religious significance—a test lying far too deep for the apprehension of the uninitiate. It is perhaps also influenced, as Kugler remarks, in the avoidance of realistic representation, by the fear which pervaded the primitive Church of the least approach to idolatry.

Great care must be observed, however, in the interpretation of this religious symbolism, not to strain it beyond its capacity or intention. It should be withdrawn from the sphere of theological controversy, too often the battleground of religious rancor and bitterness, and relegated to that of scientific archæology and dispassionate criticism. An allegorizing mind, if it has any theological dogma to maintain, will discover symbolical evidence in its support where it can be detected by no one else.

THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

1. In some way or o - ther the Lord will pro - vide: It
 2. At some time or o - ther the Lord will pro - vide: It
 3. De - spond then no lon - ger; the Lord will pro - vide; And
 4. March on then right bold - ly; the sea shall di - vide; The

may not be my way, It may not be thy way; And
 may not be my time, It may not be thy time; And
 this be the to - ken— No word He hath spo - ken Was
 path - way made glo - rious, With shout - ings vic - to - rious, We'll

yet, in His own way, "The Lord will pro - vide."
 yet, in His own time, "The Lord will pro - vide."
 e ver yet bro - ken: "The Lord will pro - vide."
 join in the cho - rus, "The Lord will pro - vide."

Review of the Times.

The progress of Lord Dufferin, as Governor-General of the Dominion, through the Western regions of Ontario, and on to the extremity of our vast inland seas, was by far the most remarkable of the many *progresses* which at various times our Governors have undertaken. His Lordship has such a thorough way of doing whatever he undertakes that he might almost add the word *thorough* to that happy family motto which seems to express the course of his life. Certainly it was "by right ways" that he directed his course, or was directed, in those most eventful journeys to the icy regions which he has so charmingly told about, and most thoroughly was the work done which he set out to accomplish. Since his advent amongst us as Governor he has found the "right way" to the hearts of the people by his hearty appreciation of anything worth noting and observing amongst them; and he has made himself acquainted with them in all the diversity of their wide domain, more thoroughly than perhaps any man living. There are certainly very few (even if there is one) whose observation has at the same time been so minute and so extensive, who have visited the whole region from the Eastern shores of Nova Scotia to the Western limits of Lake Superior, and made themselves as well acquainted with our forests, mines, fisheries, factories, schools, universities and what-not, as Lord Dufferin has. And he has the happy art of seeing the good of everything. Very much of the pleasure he has imparted in this summer's tour—and he has imparted pleasure to thousands—has arisen from his charming appreciation of whatever the good people of various localities had to show him. Some for their historical associations; some for their rapid growth; some for their beautiful situation; some for their anticipated future; some because of the vastness of the contiguous lakes; some because they were but just

rough hewn out of the interminable forests—all had something to point out, to be proud of, to be thankful for; and as there are few things more pleasant than to have a great personage visit you, there can be nothing in the world more agreeable than for him to look at your fine things and compliment you about them. Lord Dufferin thoroughly understands this, and he has a marvellous faculty of expressing himself extempore and catching up the salient points of interest and pleasure to his audience. We cannot wonder, then, that he has received ovations wherever he has gone, nor that he has been as warmly welcomed in the States as he has been anywhere in Canada. He has those qualities which, at once, win the American heart. Their English blood nowhere more strikingly shows itself than in their love for titled personages. They appreciate and value good speaking, too. Lord Dufferin, as an English nobleman, as Governor-General of this Dominion, as an eloquent and polished speaker, had all those things which appeal to American sentiment, and we can understand how Chicago and Detroit were charmed, as Montreal and Toronto had been before.

This visit will do much good. It will give the Governor an acquaintance with the region where emigrants most naturally settle, and enable him to direct attention to them. It will strengthen those many bonds of affection, tradition and interest by which we are attached to the Mother Country. It will interest the Governor in the people he governs, and it will interest the people in that higher sovereignty of which he is the representative. It will do good also in strengthening those ties of friendly intercourse between kindred peoples which will be for the happiness and honor of both. But it must be friendly intercourse, not incorporation. Lord Dufferin, in the magnificent speech he deliv-

ered at the Toronto Club, most happily told how he replied to the insinuating overtures for a closer union between ourselves and our American cousins. "We, in Canada," he told them, "are a very *democratic* people. We desire to have the advisers of the Crown always amenable to the popular will. Once in four years would not satisfy us at all. We must have them under control during the whole period in which they hold office. We could not therefore cast in our lot with you, for the people would thereby relinquish their liberty and their power." We do not remember to have read a more delicate and beautiful handling of a delicate topic than this, and our American friends could not fail to be impressed with the idea that Canada has a good reason to give for the course she is endeavoring to strike out for herself on this continent. To reproduce the British constitution, with its marvelous heritages of balanced power and liberty; to train up a race of lawyers, judges and magistrates imbued with the tradition of British justice, and to do this across the breadth of a whole continent,—these are objects which are worth some labor, some sacrifices, to attain. And if Canada can consolidate the great edifice she has begun to build under Confederation, and can hold on her way for the next twenty years at the pace she has maintained during the last five, she will have achieved a position which will compel respect and admiration both from our somewhat cold mother country and from other nations, and we cannot but see that a Governor of the stamp of Lord Dufferin is thoroughly well fitted to help on such a noble consummation.

A very significant announcement appears in the last number of the *Ontario Gazette*. Notice is there given of an application to Parliament that the properties formerly held by the two great Presbyterian bodies of the Dominion (or rather, strictly speaking, the four, for the churches of the Maritime Provinces were always distinct) shall now be held by the united body, to be designated, "The Presbyterian Church in Canada."

This union is a landmark on the ecclesi-

astical history of Canada. The negotiations to bring about this desirable union have been most protracted, and the discussions almost painfully tedious. Simple reason and logic might have brought about a settlement long ago; but sentiment and association and tradition are powerful influences with some men, and far more difficult to deal with in endeavors to bring about a union. These influences often dominate both logic and reason unconsciously to their subject. Every obstacle, however, has been removed at last, and the Presbyterians who separated at the time of the last great rupture in Scotland, are now again one. That this will be for the benefit of the Church itself, and of the cause of truth and righteousness generally, cannot be doubted. It will economize men and money and time, and of none of these has the Church of Christ too much. It will stop heartburning and disputation and jealousy, and will remove a source of scandal to the outside world. "See how these brethren bite and devour one another!" has often been said by scorners, and, alas! only too often with bitter truth. Christians have not exhibited such a spectacle of mutual love as to compel respect. There can be no denying such a patent fact as this, and if the fact were seen in its painfulness, acknowledged, grieved for, and repented of, a better day would dawn on the professing Christian world. The *odium theologicum* has been the scandal and shame of the Church, for whilst fierce disputants contended about their *Shibboleths* and *Sibboleths*, a keen-eyed and scoffing world has looked on and laughed. Christ has nowhere been so sorely wounded as in the house of His friends. These movements for reuniting those who have been separated cannot, therefore, but be looked on with interest by all whose hearts are in the extension of the Redeemer's Kingdom.

Another union taking place in another branch of the Church is also just being consummated. At the time of writing this, there is assembled in the Metropolitan Wesleyan Church, Toronto, a conference of ministers and laymen, representing the union of the two long separate branches of the great Methodist family. Many years

ago, mainly on the question of the propriety of lay representation in the Annual Conference, a number of ministers and brethren separated themselves from the Wesleyan body in England, and formed themselves into the Methodist New Connexion. Their doctrines, practice and spirit have always been precisely the same as the body from which they separated, with the sole exception of giving representation to laymen in conference. Till this point was conceded they could not reunite. It is marvellous, indeed, that such a separation should ever have taken place, considering that, above all other Churches, the Methodist recognizes and organizes lay agency, not only in the management of temporalities, but in the preaching of the Gospel, and, surely, they who may be allowed to be put in trust with the Gospel, might be allowed to take part in the deliberations of a General Conference. But alone, of all churches, the old Wesleyan body stood out on this point. The Church of England had laymen in her Synods; so had the various Presbyterian bodies; so have the Congregational and Baptist Churches. Time, however, has brought about change. Barriers, again rather of feeling and tradition than of reason, have been thrown down, and to-day witnesses the fusion of these two bodies in Canada, who, to all human judgment, ought never to have been allowed to separate. Here, again, there will be economy of time, money and men, and for opportunities of spending strength in aggressions on the common enemy of souls, that have been wasted in conflicts with one another.

The immigration to Canada of so large a number of the agricultural laborers that have lately been defeated in their uprising in England may prove to be a turning-point in the history both of the men themselves and of the emigration movement. Hitherto there can be no doubt that a large number of those who came out from England to Canada have been of a class that were not calculated to make much headway in it. Very many of the men who have made their way here from London were weak in body and shiftless in resource. Some of them, too, had contracted life-long

habits of boozing in the public-house, and were entirely unfitted for the new circumstances in which they found themselves. Hence the dolorous tales that have been sent back to the old land by disappointed immigrants, and hence the fact that some, after vainly trying to shift for themselves here, managed by some means or other to return home. A specimen of this class is now writing letters to the *Times*, under the signature of "Bohemian" (which means, in this connection, a wandering vagabond), and certainly his description of himself and his doings in Canada amply justifies his assuming such a title. A man who was at times engaged in such a variety of employments as reporting for the press, working as a "navvy," rambling about on pretence of work amongst backwoods' farmers, and "loafing" about the towns and cities, had certainly about as poor a chance of getting on and prospering as anybody that could be conceived. It would have been a miracle had he done well. Yet, because he has returned home, and can write, he has access to the columns of the *Times*, and is allowed therein, to sport himself in misrepresentation and abuse of Canada. Were it not certain that an object has to be attained by this course such a man would never have been allowed to air his opinions in the *Times*. But several things have to be remembered in this connection: First, that journal for many years back has systematically and quietly put Canada into the background as compared with Australia; and, second, there is just now a real feeling of dislike and jealousy against us, owing to the reception we gave Mr. Arch last year, and the probability of a large number of really valuable men being induced to leave England for the Dominion. England can spare fellows like "Bohemian" well enough, and glad she is to be rid of them; but an exodus of able-bodied and well-trained agricultural laborers is another thing altogether. So the papers are not sorry to get hold of such stories as he tells, and they trust to the ignorance of their readers not to discriminate between the experience of a loafing vagabond and that of a *bona-fide*, honest, hardworking emigrant.

It is earnestly to be hoped that the men

who have come out this year will be of the right stamp. If they are, and set to work heartily, they will do well; and if they do well they will draw as many others after them as the country can take.

In connection with emigration, we cannot but notice the admirable work being done by Miss Macpherson in bringing out well-trained boys to Canada. For some years past this work has been quietly carried on, and we see that no less than two thousand four hundred have been brought out and settled in the country, nearly all on farms. Many are now young men, hearty, able, and intelligent; full of promise for the future, and likely to become our very best settlers. This emigration is of the very choicest kind we have. Such as these do not return grumbling to England, neither do they cross to the States. They grow up amongst us like natives of Canada, and as a matter of fact they appreciate its advantages so thoroughly that the last thing they would think of would be to leave it. Not the least remarkable feature of this work is that the whole expense of training these boys in England and bringing them to Canada, has been defrayed by unsolicited subscriptions.

The secession of the Earl of Ripon from Protestantism and Freemasonry, of which latter he was one of the "great lights," being chief dignitary of the order in England, will be a greater pecuniary and social gain to Catholicism than a moral loss to the faith he has deserted and the order he has disavowed. The hostility of the Papacy to the Masonic body will render the perversion of the Grand Master of England something to the Pope what the surrender of Napoleon near Sedan was to the Emperor William,—with, however, a difference. The step of the recreant Earl will be spoken of in every lodge room in the world with mingled pity and contempt. It is an interesting problem to discover if any and what are the influences exercised by the system of Freemasonry, tending to the weakening of Protestant principles or the germination of such as are Romish, in those who are destitute of any distinct religious belief.

The position in which this Order stands, relatively, to the religious world is certainly highly interesting and worthy of more study than it has secured. A very large number of its members are also members of the various Evangelical churches. A

large number are devoid of any religious belief beyond what the Order demands; who could repeat what we once heard an eminent writer say, "Masonry is my religion." Many are Israelites, some are heathens, some Roman Catholics. It is obvious that a system which is wide enough to embrace those holding the maximum and minimum of dogmatic religious belief, must be essentially without any of its own. A great parade is made in all the phases of Masonic ritual of the "Volume of the Sacred Law," which is better known as the Bible. But as not a word from its pages is ever read out or uttered in lodges, and as Jews who are Masons revere it officially as well as Christians, it is pretty evident that the book exposed with such pomp and circumstance of reverence is not really what Christians can recognize as the "Volume of the Sacred Law," or Scriptures, but is merely the Old Testament; though for all the use made of it in lodge, it might as well be the Koran in Arabic, or precepts of Confucius in Chinese. If Masonry, then, be religious, as is sometimes claimed, it is not Christian. It, indeed, glories in being older than Christianity, and glories also in being so absolutely perfect as a system of ethics that no man or body of men could improve it, as one part of its ritual distinctly affirms. Now, a system like this stands palpably outside all the churches, and it must often be question to those who have church associations what there is in Masonry of moral good which is peculiar to it; what there is distinctive in its ethics from the Christian code, and what in its teaching to justify such enthusiasm as it excites, and such service as it secures. These are too wide questions for us to discuss at length; but we may suggest whether Masonic light is not merely the candle of Judaism kept burning in the broad daylight of a brighter era, and its elaborate ritual of symbol upon symbol, ceremony on ceremony, nothing but a tedious display for which no reasonable excuse can be made. The pleas of antiquity and universality are mere moonshine, as any well-read Mason can testify who has visited lodges in different countries, and the popular plea of instant recognition by signs is exploded, as a long

examination is required to test whether a man is a Mason or not.

The tendency, then, of this system, is to produce a habit of mind which may be expressed as a preference for the show and traditions of a religion, rather than a regard for its intrinsic ethical value as an agent for the regeneration of humanity or its truthful presentation of what is revealed in Scripture. Very naturally, religious discussion in England has developed in all classes a more earnest religious spirit; more this than earnest enquiry as to the truth. For Earl Ripon to pass from the atmosphere of Masonry to that of Romanism would be a mild change. He would have no convictions to be uprooted, no living principles to be destroyed. Indifferentism is so near a neighbor to superstition that the passage across could be made with very slight baggage of brains, or stored thought, or moral experiences. There are singular points of contrast and parallel between the Catholic Church ritual and Masonic; the Catholic ritual has this advantage over the Masonic; that it is open to women and children. It has, therefore, more general appreciation from spectators and auditors. The Earl of Ripon may have the sympathy of many in thinking that it is better to confine such solemn fooling as he has shared in as Grand Master to occasions when it may impress the young and ignorant, rather than associate it with the pretended pursuit of science and art, and the cultivation of the social virtues, all which are rendered objects of ridicule by the incongruous mixture of such themes with singular ceremonies, terrific oaths, and elaborate questionings and answers.

One of the most interesting and most gratifying incidents we have for some time read of, occurred recently at Sheffield, England, a town famous for its cutlery and cutlers, the former for their quality of steel in temper and sharpness, the latter for the same qualities in human guise, strength of will and quickness of perception. A more independent class of men does not exist than the artizans of Sheffield. This spirit of self-assertion and reliance develops splendid citizens, but under some circumstances very dangerous ones. The manufacturers who employ the largest number of hands there, are ex-workmen. It is the city of the self-made, and also that of the self-ruined, to a fearful extent. Two men are grinding in one mill. One, by-

and-by, is taken to the highest seat of citizenship by skill, saving habits, probity, and tact; the other is left to degradation and early death, by drink. It has for a century past been notoriously democratic, boastfully ahead of other towns in political life, and the pioneer in more than one movement towards freedom in civil and religious life. A place so honorable in repute, so full of men in whom the fire of the better life of England burns with clearest flame, has saved itself from a terrible reverse and reproach by an act of civic enthusiasm on behalf of education which does it infinite honor. The town was growing enormously, and it was discovered, on official enquiry, that school accommodation existed for only half the population. The spirit of the town rose to the emergency. The School Board organization was established, and, at once, sixteen new schools were decided to be built. The force spent elsewhere in bickering over the religious difficulty was here directed to the rapid completion of these structures and their equipment, in all of which the Bible is to be read. More than twenty years ago it was contended in debate on education that compulsion was necessary, and some who took part in such discussions have wielded their official influence to secure that compulsion in dealing with the children of the ignorant. We, however, refer to this crucial test of the possible benefit of the Education Act in England to ask whether in Canada we are being educated as a people in proportion to the opportunities afforded by and costs incurred by our school system? We have an uncomfortable suspicion that some schools here are like a wide meshed sieve. There is a very large dropping through of little ones who have gone in and out at much too early an age to have received any instruction, for "education" is an absurd word to use in such connection. A girl attending a separate school in Ontario, fairly intelligent in appearance, and tidily dressed, was recently asked, "What do you learn at school?" Now we do not unduly strain this incident, but tell it as it occurred for others to follow up who have time for such very important enquiry. The girl looked puzzled at the question. Its form was changed into "What books do you read at school?" She answered, "We don't read no books."

She was asked, "What do you learn to write on, copy books or slates?" Answer, "We don't write at all; no time." "What do you *do* at school, then?" "We sews and sings hymns to the Virgin." "Nothing else?" "No; but we says pieces nows and thens," which it was ascertained referred to the Catechism. Now this girl was twelve years old, her parents not paupers by any means—yet they and others are satisfied to have the youth-time of their offspring spent in stitching and singing hymns! The true motive of separate schools lies, we fear, here, that it is not possible to stultify the school system otherwise. This poor child, in a mixed school, would be trained up a better mother of

future citizens, but possibly not so slavish a daughter of the Church.

The question whether our schools are doing their work well needs investigating. While children in Canada can be kept ignorant by those who undertake their instruction, what can be done in a country like Spain, where there is no outside criticism, no public sentiment to control the lovers of darkness as more convenient for their dark purposes? If Canada wishes to protect all her citizens from the curse of ignorance, she will soon require to control more than is now done those who find in that ignorance the most congenial soil for the crop of superstition they fain would raise.

Notice.

REV. DONALD FRASER, D.D.

The Rev. Donald Fraser, D.D., whose likeness we present to our readers, was born at Inverness, Scotland, in the year 1826, being the second son of John Fraser, Esq., Provost of Inverness, who afterwards resided at Sherbrooke for several years, and died at London, Ontario, in 1852,—a man of high Christian character and marked ability. He was educated privately till he entered the University of Aberdeen, where he took a full course and graduated M.A. After some years of hesitation and difficulty he was led to enter the Christian ministry, and with this view studied at Knox College, Toronto, and the New College, Edinburgh. So soon as his course was finished he received a unanimous call from the Coté Street Church, in this city, and was ordained in the year 1851. His ministry in Montreal is still remembered by many. When, in 1859, he accepted a call to the Free High Church of his native town, many were the expressions of regret on the part, not of his own flock only, but of our Protestant citizens generally. The post which he occupied at Inverness was one of great influence throughout the North of Scotland. The congregation

grew, the church was enlarged, a mission church for the poor was built, and many tokens of Divine blessing rested on the ministry. It was near the close of his ministry at Inverness that he visited Montreal in the summer of 1869, at the request of old and attached friends. Early in 1870 he became pastor of the Marylebone Presbyterian Church, London, as successor to Dr. Wm. Chalmers. From that time his name has been prominent in the great metropolis, and his church crowded at every service. He has received in his own Church all the honors she can confer. He is Moderator of the Synod of the Presbyterian Church in England. Convener of her General Sustentation Fund and of various important Committees. In the year 1872 the University of Aberdeen conferred on him the degree of Doctor in Divinity.

He has published "Synoptical Lectures on the Books of the Holy Scriptures," and a smaller work entitled "The Church of God and the Apostacy."

He was married at Kingston, Ont., in the year 1853, to Theresa, fourth daughter of the late Major-General Gordon, R.E., and has a family of four sons and one daughter.

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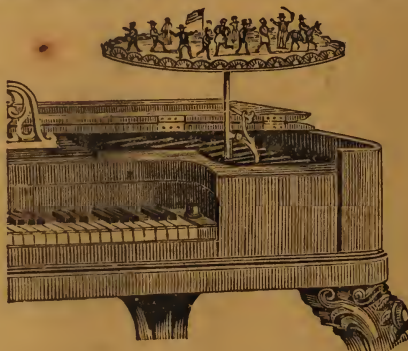
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